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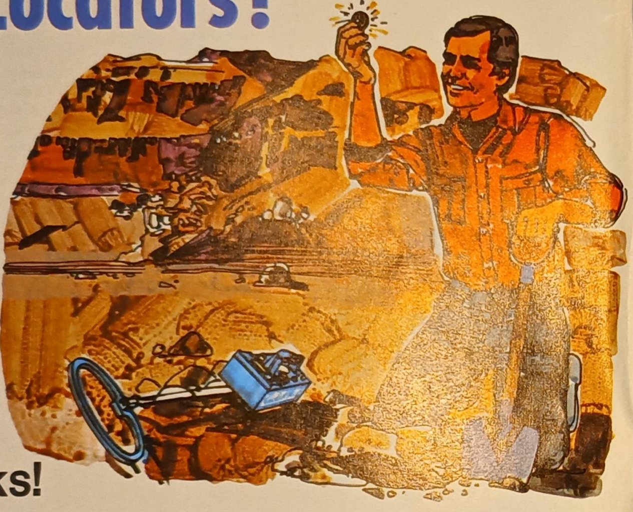

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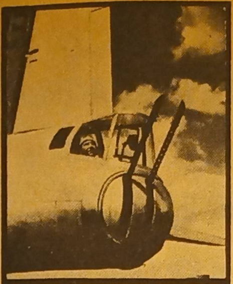

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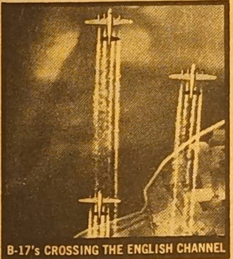

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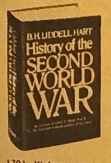

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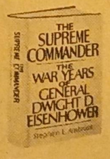

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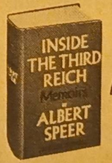

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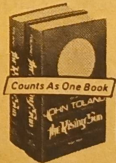

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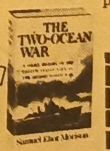

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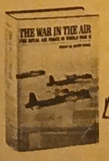

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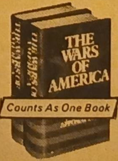

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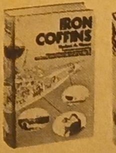

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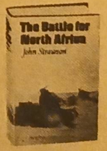

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OLD WEST

SPRING, 1972

VOL. 8, NO. 3
WHOLE NO. 31

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

BOOK BONUS!

The story behind the "comrade" that Kit Carson never had—Wm. F. Drannan

"FRONTIER LEGEND"

From the time we first started reprinting old books in this magazine, readers have written in urging us to include *Thirty-one Years on the Plains and in the Mountains* by Wm. F. Drannan. There can be no doubt that it was one of the most entertaining and unforgettable early books about the West. Unfortunately, the author just wasn't the man he portrayed himself to be.

We believe, however, you will enjoy reading about Drannan's real life and how he capitalized on Kit Carson's reputation and fame.

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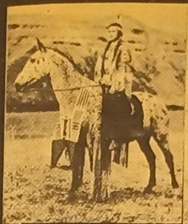
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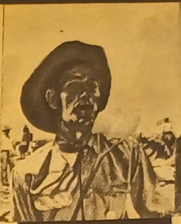
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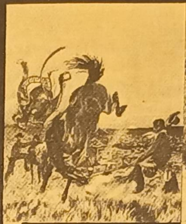
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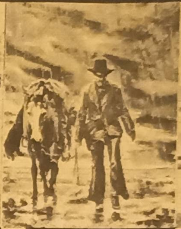
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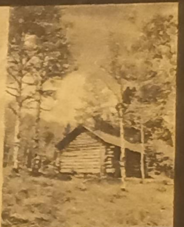
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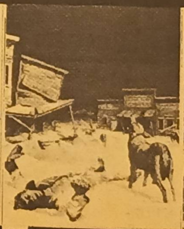
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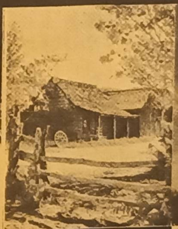
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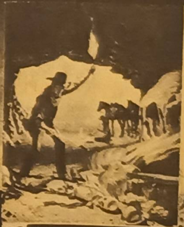
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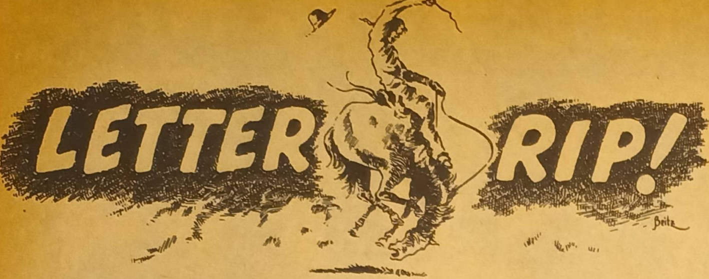

LETTER RIP!

Pioneer Town Needs a Boom!

In the 1930s I ran away from home to become a cowboy. I was a "hode" or cook's helper in 1940 on the SMS Ranch in Spur, Texas. I also worked on the Running GW Ranch north of San Antonio. I'd like to hear from anyone knowing the Charles G. Walker family or friends.

I would also like to mention that I am the last deacon to ever preach in a saloon. There was no other suitable building for church on Sunday mornings. Our attendance ran 100 and better. Of course, the bar was closed. This was at the old Red Dog in Pioneertown. If any of your readers remember those days of happiness, I'd sure like to hear from them.

Most of the town is gone, but almost every Sunday you can still see the old-time gunfight and maybe a hanging or robbery (staged, of course). It is put on free by a fine bunch of guys known as the Bravado Stunt Men. These fellas have been doing this for years without pay. But the satisfaction is all they want. They are trying, as you folks are, to preserve the Old West, its glory, its tradition and manners.

I have about every issue of TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST, maybe lacking ten in all. I'm never leaving them alone—they are my constant reading, and also Tress', my wife.

If you could just mention my dying town in your magazine, I know it might help. We are in dire need of something and your books are read all over. If the people want to go back and glimpse a little of yesteryear, I don't think they'll find it anywhere like they will in Pioneertown. It's just four miles north of Yucca Valley, California which is thirty-five miles from Palm Springs, California.

I'd be glad to show people around free, put on a pot of coffee and talk over old times.—Deacon Mansfield, Rainbow Ranch, Star Route 1, Box 26, Yucca Valley, California 92284

Researching Bevelheimer Family

My family enjoys the magazines you put out and find many stories that are familiar in the tales told by our pioneer parents. In your vast files of early pioneer events, do you have one on the Peavine Ranch located in Wyoming or Colorado? It was owned by a John Bevelheimer and a brother about 1850-1857.

I am researching my Bevelheimer family and would like to know who John's brother was, where they came from and who their parents were. Each generation seems to have a son named John and I am trying to establish the branch of the family that the Peavine Ranch owner comes from. Are there any old-timers or their offspring who remember anything about this ranch? When did it go out of business? Any little anecdotes about its heyday will be helpful.—Mrs. E. B. Hagenmueller, 3423 Parkwood Avenue, Richmond, Virginia 23221

Dillon Outfit Massacre

My father, Frank Witcher, knew many freighting stories. This one involved his own father, N. L. Witcher, who freighted by bull train from Pierre to Deadwood.

John Dillon's mule train left Rapid City sometime in May 1876 headed for Ft. Pierre. Got across the Cheyenne River about twenty miles on the Ft. Pierre to Peno Springs Road to camp. One horse got alkalied and had to be left. They went on fifteen miles farther to Grind Stone Buttes and camped. They sent four men back to Peno Springs to get the alkalied horse. They reached Peno Springs, got their horse and tied him to the hind end of the spring wagon, and then they started back and got within three miles of the original camp and were attacked by Indians and cross-fired on, and all the white men were killed.

To stop the runaway mules that were hitched to the wagon, the Indians shot the horse that was fastened to the rear end of the wagon to furnish a weight to stop the runaway mules.

The Witcher Outfit met the balance of the Dillon outfit east of Grind Stone Buttes, headed for Pierre, and they told of hearing the shooting but were afraid to return to see what had happened. When the Witcher Outfit reached that place it was a gruesome sight, for these dead men were strewn for two or three hundred yards. One man still sat in the wagon dead although the trail proved that the mules had run two or three hundred yards. One of the men was a long-haired fellow from Texas called Texas Jack. He was scalped in true Indian fashion and also the others.

These men were described by Dillon's outfit to N. L. Witcher, father of Frank Witcher, who agreed to stop and investigate. Finding them all dead, all were buried in one grave, side by side. Each man was laid in the trench according to the states they came from.—V. H. Witcher, 5351 Hutchison Road, Sebastopol, California 95472

Remembers Walt Coburn

I was very sad to read of Walt Coburn's death. We who have been raised as kids and worked as cowpunchers on ranches will miss his articles and stories of the West. He wrote in our language.

I'm sure when he passed into the Great Beyond there was quite a meeting of old friends around the campfires and chuckwagons.

There was Jesse Iron Horn, his boyhood Indian friend and blood brother; Humpy Jack, the nighthawk with his dozen bells on his remuda and his blacksnake cracking; Lying Frank, whose soogans and blankets smelled of the perfume his lady friends had given him; Dutch Henry who played Santa Claus at the line camp; Charley Russell, famous painter with his Breed Sash around him; Dead Eye Charlie, the half-breed who told him about the prairie dogs and owls and the long-bill curlews; Tex Alvord, who ran the ferry and saloon at Rocky Point; Jake Myers, of the Circle C; Gregory Doney, Whiskey Bill and the old men of the Gros Ventres and Assiniboine tribes; Cherokee Bob, who told him about the star in the sky he called Mary as they rode around the bend; Wallace Coburn, his brother; and friends that had been in the pen at Deer Lodge making horsehair bridles.

I know Snowflake and other good horses he rode and his favorite hounds old Brin and Don still full of fleas will be there. For how could God run such a big spread as He has without good horses and good hound dogs?—John W. Moore, 2732 Copper Avenue, El Paso, Texas 79930

Just read the September 1971 FRONTIER TIMES and was very sad to read of Walt Coburn's passing away. I read lots of western stories, both fact and fiction, and next to Zane Grey, Walt was my favorite.

Keep putting out his works in your magazines if you can. The day my sister got me started reading TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES was about the best thing that ever happened to me.—Bob Morrell, Route 2, St. Francis, Kansas 67756

Empty Shelves in Newton

In October 1969 I retired from the U. S. Postal Service, Ozark, Alabama. I am now trying to build a library for the small town of Newton. We have no funds to buy books or a building. At present we are located in the rear of the town hall. We'd like to buy an old brick building here for the library.

If anyone has any books to spare and would be so kind as to donate them to the library, it would be greatly appreciated. We feel this is for a very worthwhile cause and will be appreciated by both civilians and army families at nearby Fort Rucker.—Newton Public Library, P. O. Box 52, Newton, Alabama 36352

(Continued on page 59)

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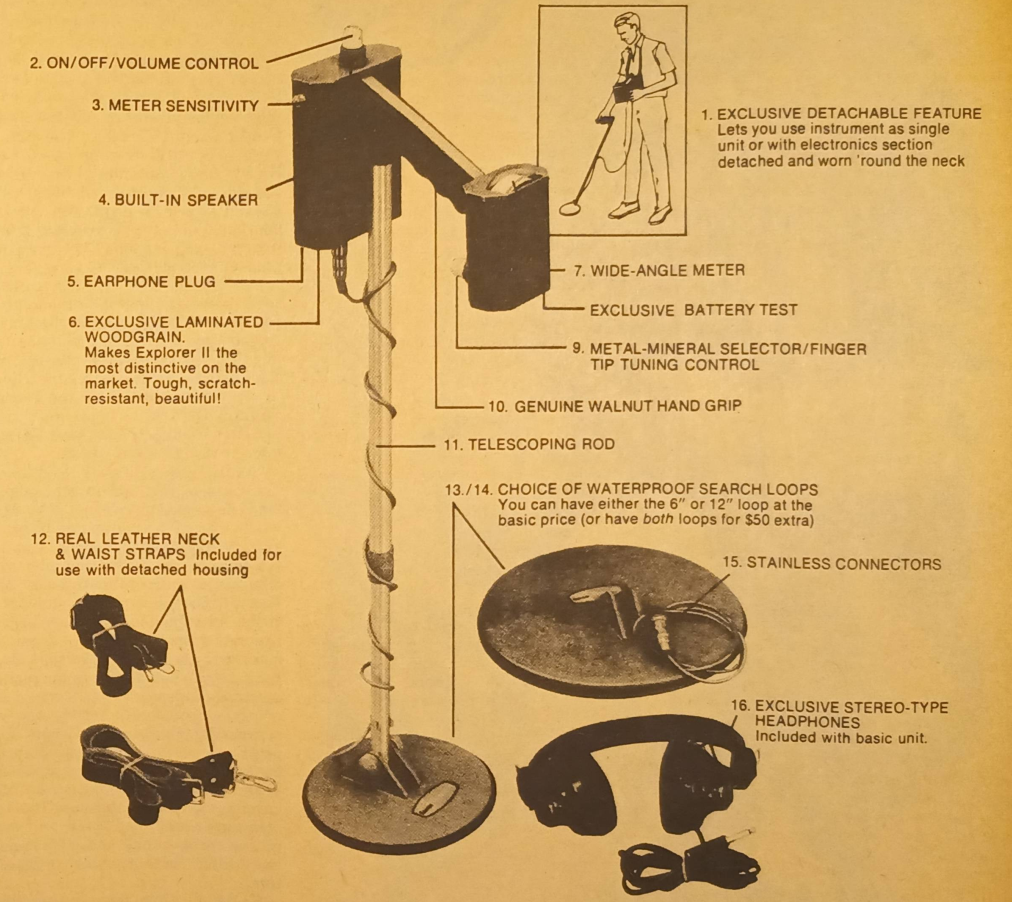

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PREFACE

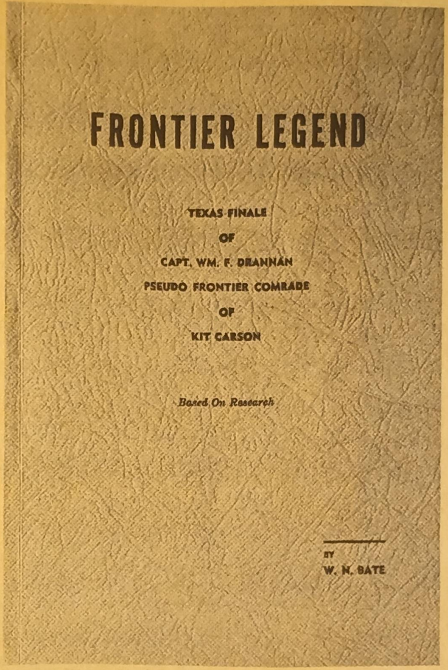
AS A BOY I read many adventure books such as the Alger type and others of that kind. I obtained these books from the district county school library and from neighbors and relatives. My Uncle John Bate heard of my reading and loaned me a book that he had purchased on a train. It was a book of historical nature, written on frontier life, and contained stories of hunting, trapping, wagontrains, scouting, and Indian fighting. This book was the first of this type I had ever read. It told me much about Kit Carson and other frontier men of his kind. I had never read of Carson before.

The author told of being taken under the protective wing of Carson at an early age, and of being taught the way of the frontier by him. This book was interesting and I was greatly pleased. Its title was *Thirty-one Years on the Plains and in the Mountains,* and the author was Captain William F. Drannan. After reading that book, Drannan and Carson were my heroes for many years.

Several years later I read the life of Kit Carson, and was much surprised to find no mention of the boy, Drannan, whom Carson was supposed to have taken and treated as a foster son. Later I read the lives of other frontier men who were mentioned in Drannan's book. No mention of Drannan was found in any of them. As I gradually acquired a smattering of frontier history from reliable sources, I came to realize that Drannan's book might not be above suspicion as to accuracy. I decided that I would use part of my spare time to satisfy my curiosity concerning this author, learn about the origin of the book, and possibly do a bit toward correcting frontier historical data —and also perhaps obtain a bit of mental revenge by uncovering him. But curiosity was uppermost, and later, as the investigation progressed, mere fascination in the project became another leading motive.

So much time had elapsed since the death of Drannan in 1913 that his trail was dim and obscure. In my search, numerous auto trips were made, dozens of interviews were held, and several hundred letters were written. A record of all interviews was filed, together with letters, photographs, and returned questionnaires.

I now have the satisfaction of knowing that Drannan, in reality, was a likeable, congenial relic of the frontier who liked praise and respect. He was probably guilty of trying to deserve praise, but he meant no harm by it and he had to make a living. At the end of the investigation, I no longer had a revengeful feeling toward Drannan. I was his friend again.—W. N. B.

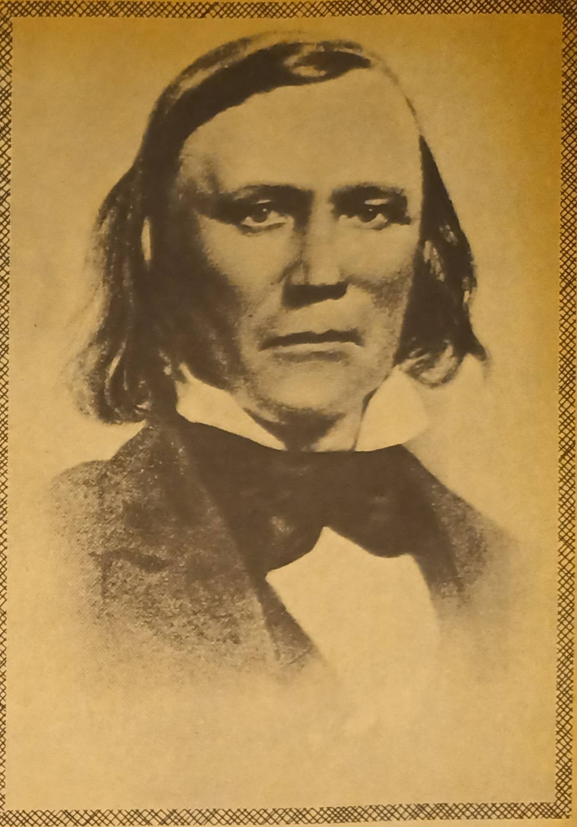


FRONTIER LEGEND

TEXAS FINALE
OF
CAPT. WM. F. DRANNAN
PSEUDO FRONTIER COMRADE
OF
KIT CARSON

Based On Research

BY
W. N. BATE



Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Kit Carson, famous scout and western plainsman.

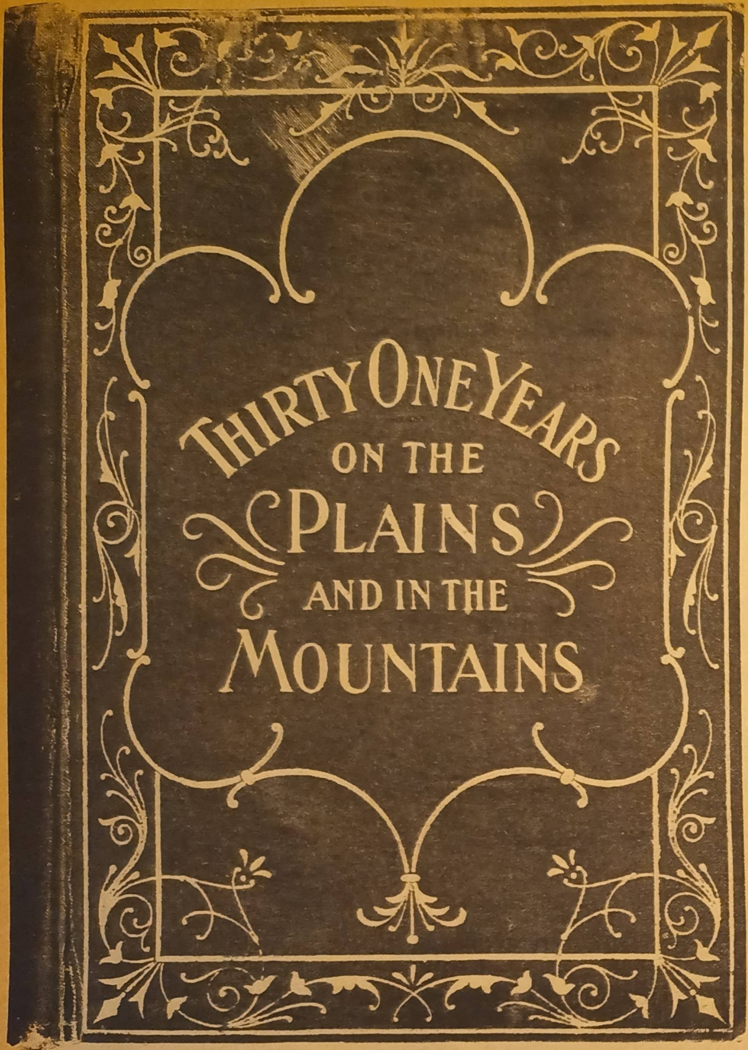
MEN of all classes made up the frontier population. Some were educated, but many could not read or write; some were criminals and some were parsons. Many of these pioneers died in action, and many survived. Of those who died, their deeds usually died with them. Of the best ones that survived, we have records. They lived to write their stories, or permitted others to write for them. Such men as Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, Charles Bent, William Bent, and others, who had from time to time performed some service for the government by piloting troops or wagontrains across the desert and mountains, or had completed some other work beneficial to the public welfare, were the class of men whose deeds were noted in history. They were good and reliable men, valuable to life and property on the frontier, and they were outstanding charracters in their field.

There were men of lesser caliber who went with them and who shared their dangers every day but have not been mentioned by the historians because no one has told the historians about them. Historians are always glad to write of something or someone if they know they are writing facts. But facts they must have. Occasionally one of these forgotten men may have attempted to write his own life. He may not have had an education; or, if aged, his memory may have been faulty, but if he were sincere and well-intentioned and wrote a readable book, the public may have accepted it as history. A number of books of this type have been written and they perform a useful function.

Then there was the old frontier-relic type who was willing to borrow the deeds of others and call them his own. This habit was probably developed around the campfires on the frontier in the earlier days. If such a man had reached old age and needed funds, he would do the best he could to produce an entertaining book which the public would accept and buy regardless of whether it were historically accurate. It is true that many good frontier books have been published as fiction; but they were represented as fiction and sold as such. A peculiar situation is presented when a book of fiction is published and represented to be true by the author. The historian will read a few pages of it and lay it aside in disdain, knowing well that it is untrue, but will do nothing further about it. But the average person does not have a store of knowledge by which to judge such a book. The reader would be inclined to believe the statements written to be true, especially if the preface of the book so stated.

Thirty-one Years on the Plains and in the Mountains was published in 1900, and another book entitled *Capt. Wm. F. Drannan, Chief of Scouts* was published in 1910. Wm. F. Drannan was shown to be the author of both books, and the preface of each book stated that the narrative written therein was true. Among the claims made is the allegation that he was taken under the protection of the famous Kit Carson and taught the ways of the savage Indians and the arts of hunting and trapping on the plains and in the mountains. This association with Carson was alleged to have continued for a period of at least twelve years.

The books were published by Rhodes & McClure Publishing Company of Chicago and were sold mostly by newsboys on trains, though some were sold by Drannan in person.



The first of two books written by Drannan about his adventures.

Rhodes & McClure changed ownership about 1913, and the successor to that company has stated that one hundred editions of *Thirty-one Years . . .* had been published. Apparently then, at least several million people have read the book. Most library copies I have observed were well worn and repaired as though they had been handled often and read many times.

In his books Drannan claimed to have first met Kit Carson at a hotel in St. Louis in 1847. His description of the meeting is interesting. Drannan had asked the proprietor of a hotel for a job, and was refused. He was only fifteen years old and the proprietor thought he was too young. He then started to leave the hotel with tears in his eyes.

"I had nearly reached the door when a man who had been reading a newspaper, but was now observing me, called out: 'My boy! Come here.'

"I went over to the corner where he was sitting and I was trying at the same time to dry away my tears. The man asked my name which I gave him. He then asked where my parents lived, and I told him that they died when I was four years old. Other questions from him brought out the story of my boy-life; Drake, Gen. Jackson, the negro boys and the brutal negress; then my trip to St. Louis—but I omitted the hornet's nest incident. I also told this kindly stranger that I had started out to make a living for myself and intended to succeed. Seeing that this man was taking quite an interest in me gave me courage to ask his name. He told me that his name was Kit Carson, and that by calling he was a hunter and trapper, and asked me how I would like to learn his trade. I assured him that I was willing to do anything honorable for a living and that I thought I would like very much to be a hunter and trapper. He said he would take me with him and I was entirely delighted."

Investigation of Drannan's claims of association with Kit Carson produced very interesting results. In this present year [1949], most people now living who knew Drannan personally were young during the acquaintance and do not remember too much about him. But a number of persons who knew him personally were located. They were interviewed by letter and in person and from these contacts certain definite opinions were established concerning Drannan's way of life. Opinions, when similar and numerous enough, may frequently amount to something closely akin to proof. Such a situation may be compared to a "preponderance of evidence" in court procedure, which, if sufficiently preponderant, may cause conviction.

VARIOUS communications concerning Drannan's claim of a twelve-year association with Carson revealed no proof of the claim.

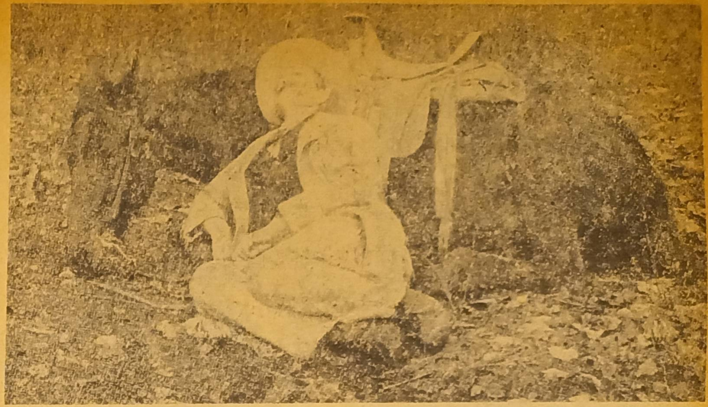
An interview conducted by the librarian of La Junta, Colorado, with Mrs. Lupe Carson, widow of Kit Carson II, revealed an interesting fact concerning Drannan. The librarian wrote concerning this interview: "Mrs. Carson says that some time ago when her husband was still living, Mr. Drannan came to La Junta and tried to establish a connection with the Carson family. The family did not know him and Mrs. Carson stated that as far as she knows there was no connection between Drannan and Kit Carson I."

It is hard to imagine that the daughter-in-law of Kit Carson, who is said to have a fair knowledge of the Carson history, would not be familiar with the details of an association that had endured for a period of twelve years if such an association had ever actually existed.

Out in the frontier town of Bandera, Texas, lives Mr. J. Marvin Hunter, editor of the *Frontier Times* magazine, editor of the Bandera *Bulletin* newspaper, and owner and curator of the Frontier Times Museum. Mr. Hunter is noted for his interest in frontier lore. Concerning Drannan, Mr. Hunter wrote:

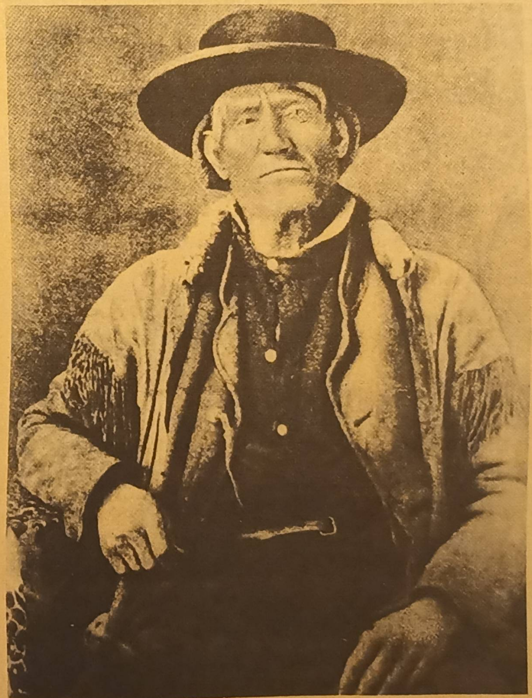
"I am sorry that I have never been able to learn anything about Drannan. I met him in San Angelo about 1909 and talked with him, and at the time I decided that he was never under Kit Carson. I have considerable information on Carson, particularly his own *Kit Carson's Own Story of His Life* and nowhere does he mention Drannan. Drannan's book, *Thirty-one Years on the Plains and in the Mountains*, was published to sell on trains, and thousands of copies were sold by the train butchers. I do not know who wrote the book for him, for he was somewhat illiterate."

In a subsequent interview, Mr. Hunter stated that he was living in San Angelo during 1908 and 1909 and during that time Drannan was observed to be located at a corner on the street wearing a buckskin suit with fringes and beads. He was seated in a leather-bound chair by a small table which held several of his books which he was selling to make a living. J. Marvin Hunter and his father passed by one day and in the conversation that ensued the elder Mr. Hunter asked Drannan if he had been with the Indians during a part of his life. Drannan replied that he had been with the Comanches, the Apaches, and the Lipans, and that he spoke all three of those languages. The elder Mr. Hunter then asked Drannan if he spoke Spanish. Drannan replied that he did not speak Spanish. The Hunters then walked on and the elder remarked to his son, J. Marvin, "That man is a fake. If he was with the Apaches he would have had to speak Spanish, as the Apaches have so much Spanish in their language that one would have to speak Spanish in order to converse with them." The elder Mr. Hunter was a teacher by profession and had lived in Mexico and was quite familiar with the Spanish language. It seemed that Drannan did not stay long in San Angelo. A visit of approximately three weeks' duration was mentioned by Hunter.

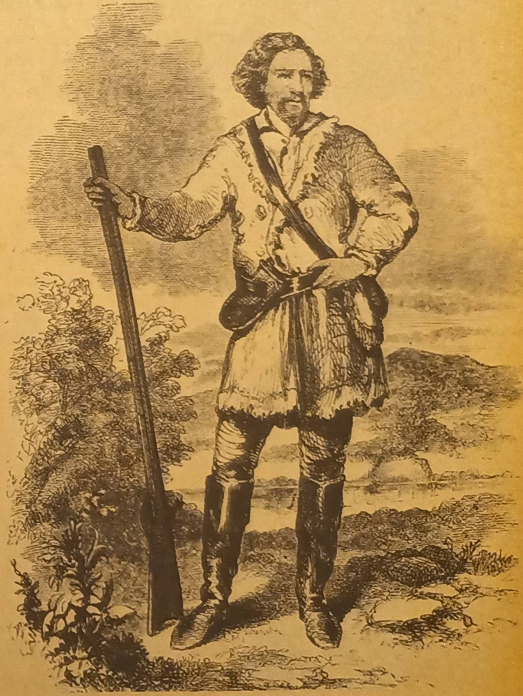

From Thirty-One Years on the Plains and in the Mountains

Capt. W. F. Drannan and Black Bess taking a nap.

Some years after the meeting with Drannan, Mr. Hunter was publishing a newspaper in the gold-mining town of Bland, New Mexico, at the time of its boom days. It had a population of 900 at its peak, and then the gold-bearing veins faded out. Within a month the population dropped to thirty. During his stay in this camp, Hunter met and became acquainted with old Aloys Scheurich, nephew by marriage of Kit Carson. Scheurich had married the daughter of Governor Charles Bent of Taos, New Mexico, who was married to the sister of the wife of Kit Carson. Aloys Scheurich had seen much of Carson and was at his side when Carson died at Fort

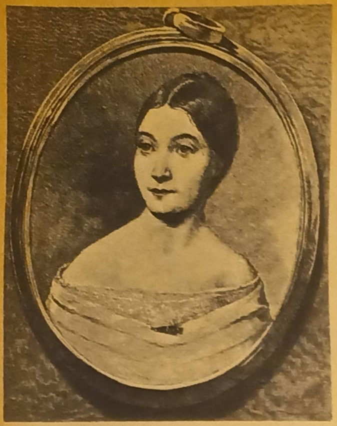

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Jim Bridger, famous frontiersman.


Courtesy Utah State Historical Society

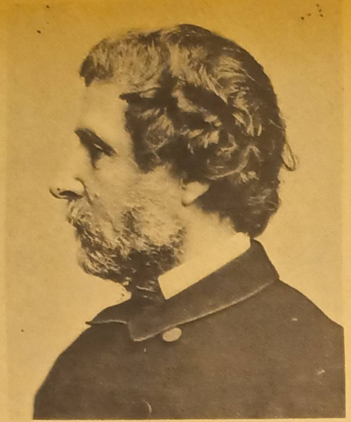
James P. Beckwourth in hunter's costume.

Drannan, in his books, told of many adventures shared with Bridger, Beckwourth, Carson and other famous men of the West.



Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Jessie Fremont, wife of General Fremont.



Courtesy Collections of the Library of Congress

General John Charles Fremont, close friend of Kit Carson.

Lyons, Colorado in 1868. By the time Scheurich and Hunter met, Scheurich was rather aged, but he liked to talk about his friendship with Carson. Hunter, being young and intensely interested in any frontier history and folklore that he could obtain, met and talked frequently with Mr. Scheurich and encouraged him to tell about Kit Carson. Scheurich was much pleased to do this. But in all these conversations, Scheurich never mentioned anyone by the name of Drannan.

Hunter exhibited another interesting factor. Dean T. U. Taylor of The University of Texas had made a present to Hunter of the autobiography of Kit Carson referred to above as *Kit Carson's Own Story of his Life*. On the inside of the cover was written in pencil in Dean Taylor's handwriting: "Drannan was born in 1832 and remained on the plantation with Drake until 1847. He could not possibly have been at Carson's wedding in 1843."

For clarification of this point the explanation is that Drannan claimed [*Thirty-one Years . . .*, p. 155] that he attended the wedding of Kit Carson and Josefa Jaramillo at Taos, New Mexico. Yet this wedding took place in 1843, four years prior to the date on which Drannan claimed to have met Carson for the first time in St. Louis.

A MOST interesting and convincing piece of information came from Mr. C. A. Scheurich of Clovis, New Mexico, Aloys Scheurich's son, and grandson of Governor Bent and grandnephew of Kit Carson. Concerning the claims of Drannan, he explained that he had never heard through his relatives or friends or from any other source, that Drannan and Carson were ever associated, or had even ever met and become acquainted. Concerning a meeting with Drannan, Mr. Scheurich wrote: "Wm. F. Drannan came into my office several years ago with some local acquaintance, and introduced himself as being a great friend of Kit Carson. I tried to talk to the gentleman, but he did not seem to know anything except what the public knows about Kit Carson. I let him talk a long time, and when he was ready to go he tried to sell me a subscription to a book he was going to write, and that is all I know about the man. My opinion is he did not know anything about Carson. He did not know even the most trivial and familiar things about the man."

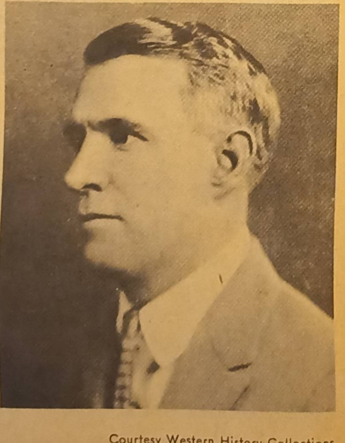
An interesting opinion also came from Mr. LeRoy R. Hafen, Executive Director of the State Historical Society in Colorado. Mr. Hafen wrote: "I have to confess to having read but little of Drannan's book. When he told of watching 'Uncle Kit' read the newspaper, it threw grave suspicion upon his story. I have not seen his name in any contemporary writing of the Carson period." That Carson could not read or write until during the later part of his life is generally known.

It is no small factor to note that the Library of Congress has no information on Drannan other than from his own narratives. Consider also, that this institution is the one final resting place in the U. S. of all the copyrighted U. S. literature. Here is the outstanding case where the lack of substantiation leaves Drannan fully enmeshed in doubt, for the reason that many of those with whom he claimed association have been mentioned in numerous volumes of historical nature, while he has not been mentioned along with them. If any authentic mention of Drannan had ever been made, the Library of Congress would have it.

REGARDING the alleged first meeting of Drannan and Carson in 1847 in St. Louis, Drannan stated that Carson outfitted in St. Louis and that the three of them, Carson, Jim Hughes, and Drannan, rode west through Fort Scott, Kansas and on up the Neosho River and west to Fort Bent.

Carson actually was in St. Louis in 1847, but while there and for the remainder of the year 1847 was occupied otherwise than as Drannan stated. In the book, *Kit Carson's Own Story of His Life*, edited by Blanche C. Grant, Carson stated that he passed through St. Louis in 1847, and spent a part of his time there at the home of Fremont, where he was an invited guest.

Another description of Carson's stop in St. Louis in 1847 and his actions and route after leaving St. Louis is given in *Kit Carson Days*, by Edwin L. Sabin. According to this chronicle, on June 14, 1847 Carson was in Washington, having delivered messages there which he had brought from California, and President Polk appointed him a lieutenant in the army. About June 16, Mrs. Jessie Fremont, wife of General Fremont and daughter of Senator Thomas Hart Benton from Missouri, together with Kit Carson and Ned Beale, left Washington for St. Louis, the home of Mrs. Fremont. In St. Louis Carson met Senator Benton. Carson knew he was carrying messages that would be disappointing to Fremont and he was downhearted and did not have much time to stay. Ned Beale became ill and stayed in St. Louis for treatment. On leaving St. Louis, Carson stopped in Howard County, Missouri to visit relatives, so stated George H. Carson of Fayette, Missouri. From Howard County he went up the Missouri River by steamboat to Ft. Leavenworth and was given charge of fifty raw U. S. volunteers, with mules, for escort through the hostile Comanche country and for duty thereafter in New Mexico. Carson arrived in Santa Fe and there met his wife Josefa. At Santa Fe the mules and troops were released and Carson later went on to California with sixteen civilians, arriving in Los Angeles in October.

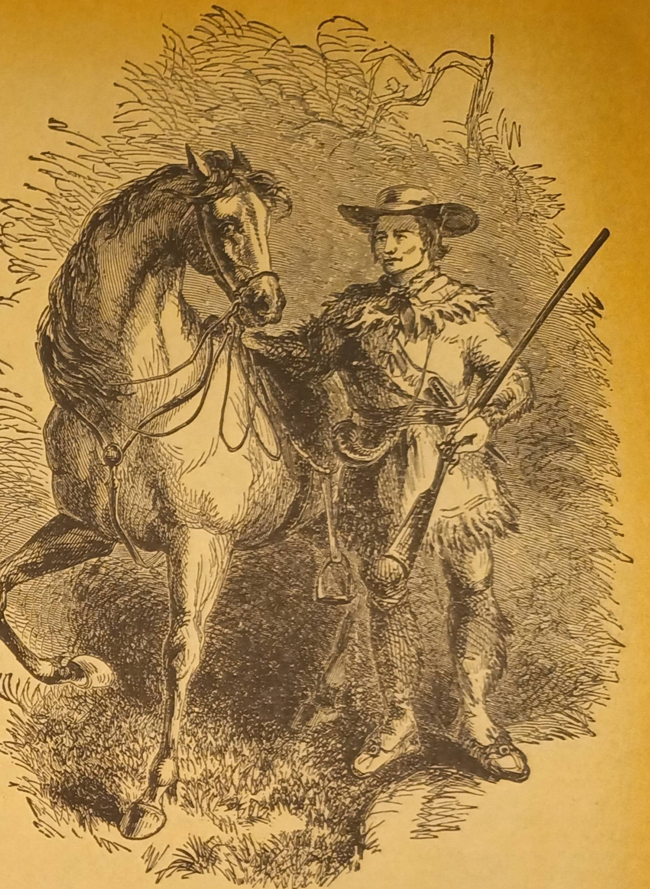


Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

J. Marvin Hunter, noted frontier historian, met Drannan on the streets of San Angelo in 1909.

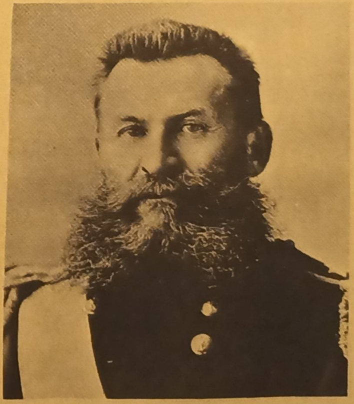
Another glaring inaccuracy in Drannan's book, *Thirty-one Years . . .* is shown in Chapter 8. It is the duel that Carson had with a white man by the name of Shewman. That is—Drannan called the man Shewman. Carson wrote that his name was Shunar. The book of Drannan's states:

"Early in the fall of 1852 we pulled out for the head of Green River, which was a long and tedious journey, being more than eight hundred miles from Taos and over rough country . . . . We arrived at the headwaters of the Green River and occupied some of the old cabins that had been erected by the Hudson Bay Company and went to trapping . . . . We stayed there and trapped until some time in February (1853) . . . . We again moved camp down to what was known as Hell's Hole. There we found about forty French Canadians trapping for the Hudson Bay Company, who had plenty of bad whiskey. They were not very friendly toward the new arrivals. Among their party was a big fellow by name of Shewman that seemed to think himself a very bad man; he did not appear to have any love or respect for any American Trapper, which was the case of the general run of those French Canadians who were in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company . . . . The third day after we arrived at the place spoken of, this man Shewman got pretty well ginned up and started out to look for Uncle Kit, saying he had heard a great deal of Kit Carson and of his fighting proclivities, and that he would lick him on sight . . . . It happened that while he was in his rage, Uncle Kit, Jake Harrington and I, knowing nothing of Shewman's mad fit, started out to look after our horses and had to pass near their camp. Just as we were passing by their place, Shewman said: 'There goes the d--d white-faced American cur. Just like all the rest of the Americans.' Uncle Kit stopped and addressed him in the following manner: 'I am an American and I feel proud of the name, but I would have you understand that I am no coward. I will fight you any way you wish.' Shewman said: 'If you want me to kill you, get your horse and I will get mine, and we will get one hundred yards apart and start at the word. After we start, each fire when we please.' Uncle Kit said, 'There is my horse, and I will be ready in three minutes.' Shewman was on his horse with his rifle in hand . . . . Carson was on his horse with a pistol only . . . . Shewman cried out in French that he was ready and at that moment they both started their horses at full speed toward each other. When within thirty yards, Shewman fired, and . . . missed . . . and when a few yards nearer each other, Uncle Kit fired, and Shewman fell to the ground mortally wounded, the bullet passing through his body just above the heart. Shewman lived until Uncle Kit got to him, then he acknowledged that it was all his own fault, and that it was good enough for him . . . . We stayed two days and helped to bury Shewman. This was the first white man that I had ever seen buried in the Rocky Mountains. We rolled him up in a blanket, laid him in the grave and covered him with dirt."



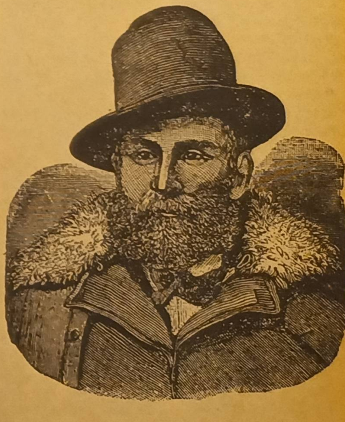
Taken from *Conquering the Wilderness* by Colonel Frank Triplett

Kit Carson

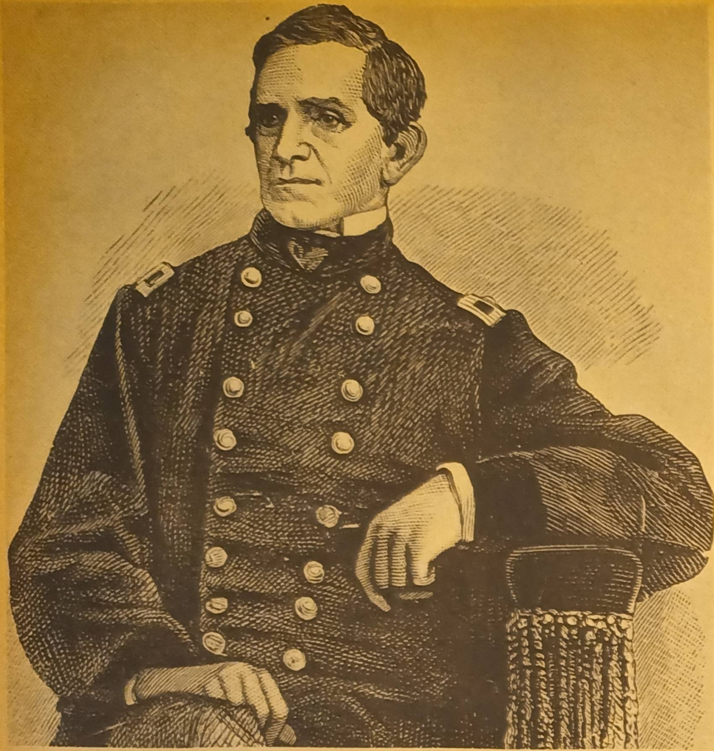


U.S. Signal Corps Photo

General George Crook. Drannan stated in his book that the general hired him as a scout.



Engraving of General George Crook that appeared in Drannan's *Thirty-One Years on the Plains and in the Mountains*.



Courtesy California State Library

General Edward Canby who was killed by Capt. Jack in the Modoc uprising.

A delay of two days by these fighting mountain men for the purpose of burying an enemy hardly seems logical. In those days life was cheap and violent death was common. If Drannan had stated that Shewman's friends buried him as soon as he was dead, it would seem to be more in keeping with the customs of that time and that vicinity.

Kit Carson gave a different version of his only duel with a white man. He stated that the duel with Shunar was fought in 1835, and his account is in this manner: "There was in the party of Captain Drips of the American Fur Company a large Frenchman, one of those overbearing kind and very strong. He made a practice of whipping every man that he was displeased with—and that was nearly all. One day, after he had beaten two or three men, he said that for the Frenchmen he had no trouble to flog and, as for the Americans, he would take a switch and switch them. I did not like such talk from any man, so I told him that I was the worst American in camp. Many could thrash him only on account of being afraid and that if he made use of any more such expressions I would rip his guts out. He said nothing but started for his rifle, mounted his horse and made his appearance in front of the camp. As soon as I saw him, I mounted my horse and took the first arms I could get hold of, which was a pistol, galloped up to him and demanded if I was the one he intended to shoot. Our horses were touching. He said no, but at the same time drawing his gun so he would have a fair shot at me. I was prepared and allowed him to draw his gun. We both fired at the same time; all present saying that but one report was heard. I shot him through the arm but his ball passed my head, cutting my hair and the powder burning my eye, the muzzle of his gun being near my head when he fired. During our stay in camp we had no more bother with this bully Frenchman."

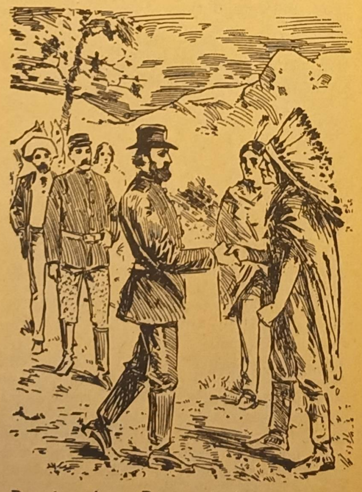
In this narration of the duel Carson does not admit that he killed the Frenchman. But Sabin (*Kit Carson Days*, Sabin, p. 260) goes on to say: "The quarrel had a fatal termination, for Carson also remarked to Captain Simpson that 'the Frenchman was the only man (white man) he was glad he had killed.' That outcome of the duel is traditional in the old beaver grounds. In a letter from Fort Washakie, Wyo., January 1, 1909, 'Old Scout' (William) McCabe, who had been in Indian campaigns with Carson, stated: 'Carson . . . had resided on Green River in the western central part of Wyoming; and here he fought a duel with a Frenchman, whom he killed.'

"In a later day Captain Smith H. Simpson of Taos had it from Carson's own lips that the quarrel rooted in a rivalry for the favors of an Arapahoe girl in the camp. The occasion for the settlement of claims was gladly seized upon. Carson won out, but had the horse not reared at the moment of fire the result might have been different. By all evidence this was the girl whom Carson married. He was now past twenty-five and had been in the mountains long enough to see the values in a keeper of his lodge."

Sabin also mentioned the arrival of two missionaries at the valley of the Green in 1835. They were Rev. Samuel Parker and Dr. Marcus Whitman. The Rev. Parker testified upon the pages of his *Exploring Tour* an account of the duel which closely parallels the account rendered by Carson. The Rev. Parker did not admit that Carson killed the Frenchman.

Stanley Vestal also places the date of the duel in 1835 and gives the story as obtained from Indians who saw the duel in person, and in the main the story is similar to that told by Carson. except Vestal adds the statement that Carson hammered another brass tack into the stock of his gun after the duel *(Kit Carson, the Happy Warrior of the Old West*, Vestal, Houghton-Mifflin, 1928). In replying to correspondence relating to the affair Vestal writes that Carson rushed for a second pistol and slew his wounded opponent with it. He stated that Carson and Shunar were rivals for the favor of the Arapahoe Indian girl, Wanibi, whom Carson later married. Vestal wrote:

"I think that there can be no doubt that Kit killed Shunar. I believe Sabin got the story from Oliver Wiggins (apparently an error). I got it from Watan, an Arapahoe, now deceased. George Bent, the best informed among the Cheyennes, told me that he had always understood that Kit killed Shunar. In the face of such testimony, I think Parker was wrong. Rough men do not tell all they know to a parson."



Drawing from Drannan's book showing meeting between General Canby and Captain Jack.

Courtesy California State Library

Captain Jack's cave in the lava beds, where Drannan claims to have helped in the fight against the Modocs.

From the dates given, it will be noted that the duel was fought in 1835—twelve years before Drannan claims to have met Carson in St. Louis. Drannan was born in 1832, and when Carson's duel was fought he was three years of age.

It seemed that Drannan had a system whereby he could get a newspaper article printed about himself from time to time. If he received money for these articles it is not known. They appeared in newspapers at least three different times, and copies have been obtained. The surmise is that they were published for the purpose of advertising his personality for sales reasons. He was writing books to be later sold at approximately the times the articles appeared. His first book, *Thirty-one Years . . .* was published in 1900. During the year before, he was in Chicago, where his book was published the following year, and an article concerning him was published in the Chicago *Inter Ocean.* The article contained excerpts of incidents that were included in his book the following year. The same article appeared in the Denver *Times* on February 11, 1899.

In the Chicago article, Drannan was a major. How he came by this rank is not known. In 1910, Drannan's second book, *Chief of Scouts*, was published, and on October 11, 1910 an article appeared in the Houston *Chronicle* stating that "Capt. Drannan is in Houston, Texas, and may locate here." Again it seems that it was an artifice to draw attention to his coming book. In this article he wrote excerpts and incidents that were included in his second book. In the Houston article Drannan was a captain. How he came by this rank is not known, nor is it known how he came to be reduced in rank from a major in 1899 to a captain in 1910. One of the incidents mentioned in several of the articles concerned the alleged capture of Captain Jack, the Modoc chief, during the Modoc War in 1872 and 1873 in the northern part of California and the southern part of Oregon in and around the lava beds near Tule Lake.

Drannan's part in the Modoc War is told in his book, *Thirty-one Years. . . .* He stated that he sold his ranch near the Sacramento River in California in 1872, and in the same year he and a Mr. Miller decided to go into the horse raising business. Miller told Drannan he knew of a large tract of swampland near Klamath Lake. Drannan wrote:

"This land was located just on the outer edge of the Modoc Indian Reservation. Miller being acquainted with all the Modocs, he and I, after I had concluded to settle, rode down to Captain Jack's wick-i-up which was a distance of two miles from where I proposed settling. Captain Jack was the chief of the Modoc tribe, and I found him to be a very intelligent Indian, and he made a very good stagger toward talking the English language."

In this way Drannan accidentally settled near the Modocs and was there on the ground and saw their sufferings and hunger and naturally knew all the details leading up to the war. He stated that Captain Jack consulted him frequently about the Indian Agent not giving the Indians food that was due them, and later that it was on account of extreme hunger that Captain Jack led his tribe off the reservation to go fishing in Tule Lake to prevent starvation. While at this lake soldiers had fired on the Indians without any warning whatever, because they were off their reservation. Drannan explained further:

"I received a message from General Wheaton to come to his quarters immediately. This message was carried by one of his orderlies. I complied and went with the orderly. . . . When I was intro-

Courtesy California State Library

Captain Jack in ankle chains.

Courtesy G. B. Abbott, Coldwater, Michigan

Captain Jack, Modoc leader.

Courtesy G. B. Abbott, Coldwater, Michigan

Scar-face Charlie, who left the Modoc side and hired out as a scout. According to some accounts, Charlie helped in the capture of Captain Jack.

duced to General Wheaton, he asked me if I knew Captain Jack, Chief of the Modoc tribe. I told him that I was well acquainted with him and all of his men. 'Now,' said he, 'I'll tell you what I wish to see you about. Col. Miller recommends you very highly as a scout, and how would it suit you to take charge of the entire scouting force, and organize them to suit yourself and start in at once?' The next day I told him that I was ready to start in scouting for him."

Here followed Drannan's description of his part in the Modoc War as well as the parts taken by the other historical characters known to have taken part in that war. Then he recited an incident of his capture of Captain Jack together with his wife and little girl. He expressed it in this manner:

"About the first of June 1873, George and I had been out all night and were coming into quarters, being a little later this morning than common, and when we were within about one and one half miles from quarters we crossed the trail of three Indians. I got down and examined the tracks closely; there was one track quite large and long, another not so large, and the third was quite small. I told George . . . they were the tracks of Capt. Jack, his wife and a little girl. We reported to Gen. Wheaton. . . . He asked me how much of an escort I wanted, and if I would go at once. I told him I would, and wanted two platoons . . . and we were off again in pursuit of Capt. Jack. . . . After we had ridden about twelve miles, and just as we came to the top of a hill, on looking across on the next ridge we saw the three Indians, and sure enough, it was Capt. Jack, his squaw and little girl. . . . When we rode up to him he said, 'Good Morning. Long time no see you.' and at the same time presented the gun with the breech foremost. . . . So I took the little girl up behind me, and George took the squaw up behind him and Jack walked. It was in the afternoon when we returned to headquarters with the prisoners, and there was no little rejoicing among the soldiers when they learned for a certainty that I had taken Captain Jack prisoner."

Old photo of Modoc Indians taken from *Thirty-One Years on the Plains and in the Mountains.*

IN this account the public was informed how Drannan had rendered a very valuable service to the U. S. Army and in turn to the American nation.

In comparing Drannan's account of the Modoc War with other accounts of the same war from unimpeachable sources, remarkable differences are noted. H. H. Bancroft was a noted historian in his time and his books are still highly regarded. Consider what Bancroft wrote [*History of Oregon*, by H. H. Bancroft, p. 630]:

"About half-past one o'clock on the morning of June 1, 1873, Capt. Perry struck Jack's trail five miles east of Applegate's, and at half-past ten he was surrounded. He came cautiously out of his hiding place, glanced uneasily about him for a moment, then assuming a confident air, went forward to meet Perry and the officers present with him, Trimble, Miller, and DeWitt, with whom he shook hands. He apologized for being captured by saying his legs had 'given out.' The troops were all called in and the world was allowed to know and rejoice over the surrender of this redoubtable chieftain to a military force of 985 regulars and 71 Indian allies."

If Drannan was not an enlisted man he would not be included in the 985 regulars, but his account states that he was hired by General Wheaton to take charge of the entire scouting force, which was composed of civilians. An historian such as Bancroft would never omit mention of an important unit such as civilian scouts if the civilian scout unit had actually ever existed.

There were other accounts of the capture of Capt. Jack which do not in the slightest way agree with Drannan's account. The *History of California* by J. W. Caughey, published by Prentice Hall, 1940, stated: "Captain Jack accompanied by three forlorn followers came out and surrendered." This was after the Modocs had left the lava beds. No mention was made of Jack's squaw and little girl.

Albert Britt, author of *Great Indian Chiefs*, gives a brief account of the Modoc War. Concerning the capture of Capt. Jack, he wrote: "Fighting began again on April 14. In three days the troops advanced three miles. The Indians broke up into smaller bands of which some were caught. Hooker Jim was caught with them and offered to bring out Capt. Jack. When Jack came, only three warriors were with him."

Another most interesting account of the capture of Capt. Jack is contained in a book written by Jeff C. Riddle, son of Frank Riddle and Winema, a Modoc. Winema was also known as "Toby." She and her husband were interpreters for the U. S. Army during the Modoc War and were present when Capt. Jack killed General Canby at the conference. Riddle had every reason to be well versed in the Modoc War. His mother was one of the Modocs. He lived, and was brought up, in the vicinity of the Modoc tribe and he knew each of the Modocs in person. He wrote a book, *Indian History of the Modoc War,* published in 1914. In a statement to the public on a front page of his book, he remarked: "I have read Capt Drannan's book, *Thirty-one Years on the Plains* . . . , where he wrote about the Modoc warriors. According to what he says, he captured and killed more Modoc warriors than Capt. Jack really had when he commenced fighting. Jack had only fifty-two warriors in all. I knew every one of them. It is such men as Mr. Drannan who mislead the public in regard to Indian wars. Mr. Drannan certainly was not anywhere near the Lava Beds at the time of the Modoc War of 1872 and 1873, as I do not remember meeting him at that time."

On page 111 of Riddle's book he stated that Col. Alvin C. Gillem and Col. Wright used Warm Springs Indians as scouts. This is in accordance with the statement of Bancroft that the Army had seventy-one Indian allies. On page 149, Riddle gave his version of the capture of Capt. Jack. He stated it in this way:

"Scarface Charlie was a Modoc who had left the Modoc side and hired out as scout for General Wheaton. General Wheaton had detailed five soldiers to go with Charlie in search of several Modocs including Capt. Jack. They captured three Modoc Indians and were taking them to Tule Lake when they saw Capt. Jack running for all that was in him with Hooker Jim, a Modoc scout, and two soldiers in pursuit. Scarface Charlie reined his horse in ahead of Jack and told him to stop. Jack was out of wind. He fell to the ground and wept like a child. Finally he got up and told the soldiers he was ready to die, or go with them. One soldier told Jack after Scarface Charlie told him what he said that no one would offer to hurt him if he would go along quietly. Jack gave up his gun and belt, had only five cartridges in the belt and none in the gun."

Assuming that the five soldiers mentioned in this account included Capt. Perry, Trimble, DeWitt, and Miller, then the story of Riddle is not too different from that of Bancroft. The difference is in the manner in which Capt. Jack gave himself up. In any case, it is clear that Jeff Riddle did not have Mr. Drannan around anywhere. Nor did Bancroft and the others have him around at the finale, or at any other time.

DRANNAN claimed to have settled on some land near the spot where Capt. Jack had his tent placed in the vicinity of Tule Lake. Inasmuch as it seems quite certain that Drannan was not in the party who captured Capt. Jack, investigation of his alleged land purchase naturally followed. The county clerks of Klamath County, Oregon and of Siskiyou County, California wrote that no land had been recorded under the name of Drannan in the year of 1872 or thereabouts.

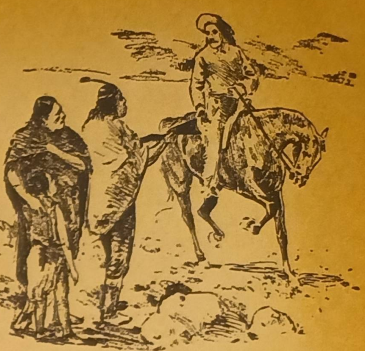
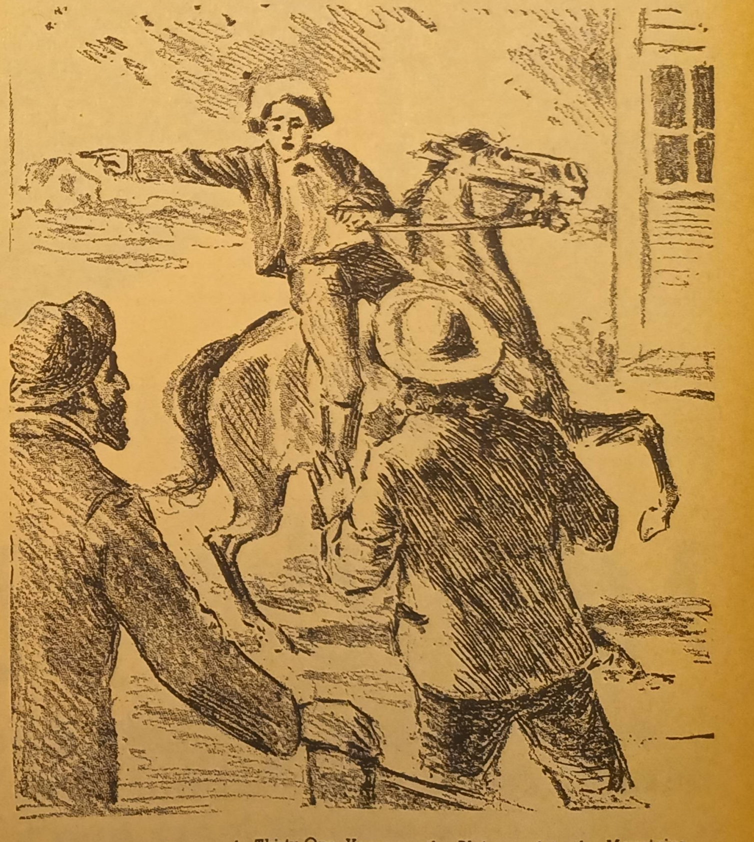


Illustration from Drannan's book showing his version of the capture of Captain Jack.

Also a few years earlier, so Drannan stated, he made his first purchase of land near the Sacramento River. It was in 1867 that he went looking for a place to settle down, and he bought a ranch of 320 acres near the river. His location description is indefinite. The county clerks of Sacramento, Yolo, and Contra Costa Counties all wrote that they had no record of deed for Drannan in the year 1867. Drannan stated that he purchased 320 acres of land near Santa Rosa, California in 1878, but the Sonoma Title Guarantee Company of Santa Rosa, California, wrote that no record of such a purchase was found. Of course, these

(Continued on page 32)



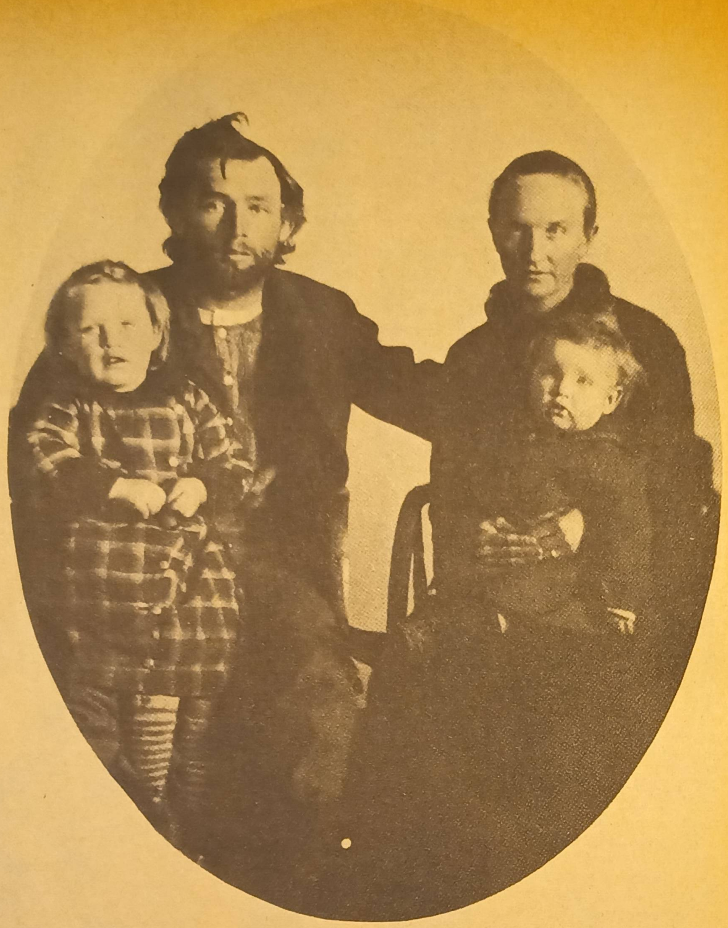
Drawing from Drannan's *Thirty-One Years on the Plains and in the Mountains.*

MAD DOG DILDA

He was new in the neighborhood, but people sensed an air of evil about him. This sixth sense saved at least one life . . .

By KEN CORNISH

Photos Courtesy Author



THE COWBOY watched idly as the dirty patchwork of snow and shale slid by the soot-splotched window. A grabbing brake threw him forward in his seat. Frank Denny had been traveling in a drafty railroad car for most of the previous ten days and nights and he had been highly unsuccessful at keeping warm or getting some decent sleep on the trip home. Denny, twenty-three, had just delivered a trainload of steers to the commission house in Kansas City.

Mid-December in 1885 was cold and blustery in central Arizona. The weariness in the cowboy's bones and the $11,000 in gold in the ragged, gray valise at his feet nagged his mind for priority. This was the money he had received for the steers. Dr. E. B. Perrin, owner of the Boca Grant spread in the cedar-flecked Camp Wood country, would be well pleased.

Denny stood. His legs were uncertain. He picked up his valise and blanket roll and looked toward the door. The train lurched again, then came to a complete if sudden stop near the Ashfork depot.

Denny was soon on the ground making his way to the hotel a block and a half away. The Perrin ranch was supposed to send a buckboard for him. He looked around as he neared the hotel and frowned when he didn't see the familiar team and rig.

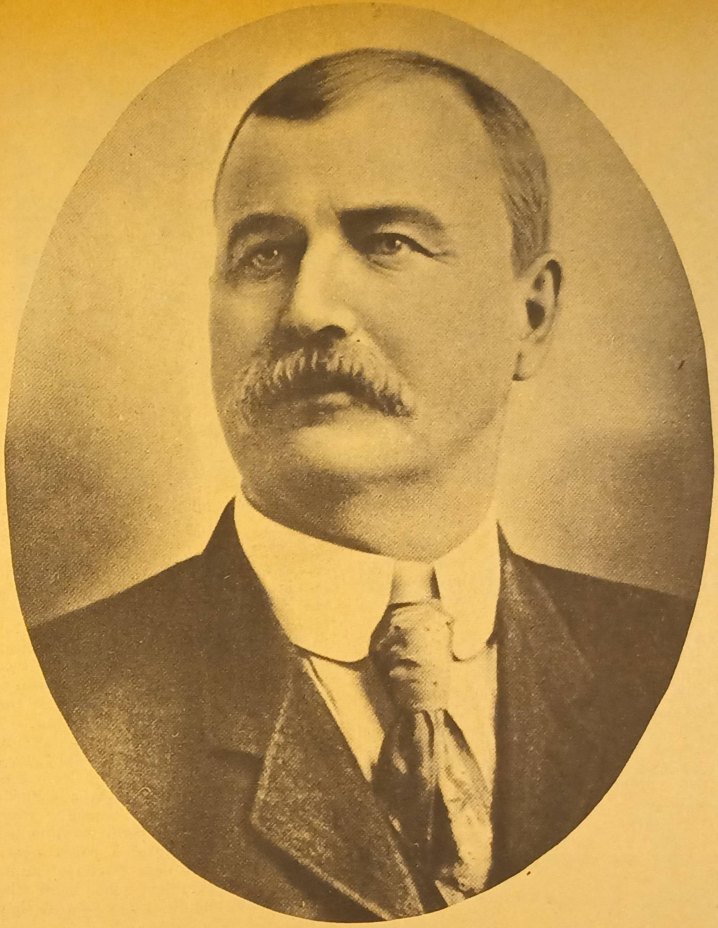
The cowboy entered the big room that served as a lobby and carefully placed his valise and blanket roll in an old wooden rocker before going to the bar at the far end of the room. Ranchers crowded the bar although it wasn't noon. Denny spoke to a couple he knew. One was a man he had met once before but knew only by sight.

Dennis W. Dilda had recently come up from the Salt River Valley. He was on the old Williscraft place in the Walnut Creek country between Prescott, one-time Territorial capital, and the Boca Grant spread.

Dilda shifted his cold gray eyes from a point on Denny's hat brim to the whiskey glass on the bar as he invited the latter to have a drink. He was obviously trying to be neighborly. In fact, he volunteered to help Denny back to the ranch when he heard that the Perrin rig had not arrived.

"How?" Denny asked. "You got a rig?"

"No. I got a horse," Dilda answered. "But we can make good time and get in before dark by riding and tying."



At left is Dennis W. Dilda, his wife Georgia, and his children Fern and John. This picture was copied from a photograph found in the Dilda file at the Sharlot Hall Museum in Prescott. Above is Sheriff William (Billy) Mulvenon and below right is the old red brick territorial courthouse in Yavapai County, Arizona. The pictures of the sheriff and courthouse were reproduced from pictures that once hung on the walls of the old Prescott fire department.

Riding and tying, he explained, was common in his native Georgia. He would walk while Denny rode on ahead and Denny would tie the horse after he got a mile up the trail. When Dilda caught up, he would ride a mile. Then the process would be repeated.

"That's mighty nice of you. I'm anxious to get home," Denny told Dilda.

They ordered more whiskey and Denny, in later years, was to say often that that second drink saved his life.

AFTER a while, Denny began to be uncomfortable. Dilda was too eager to be friendly. The cowboy would have felt silly trying to explain why he was leery but some sixth sense seemed to warn him not to ride and tie. And so he declined Dilda's offer. Dilda was in a surly and sarcastic mood when he left the hotel bar a half-hour later.

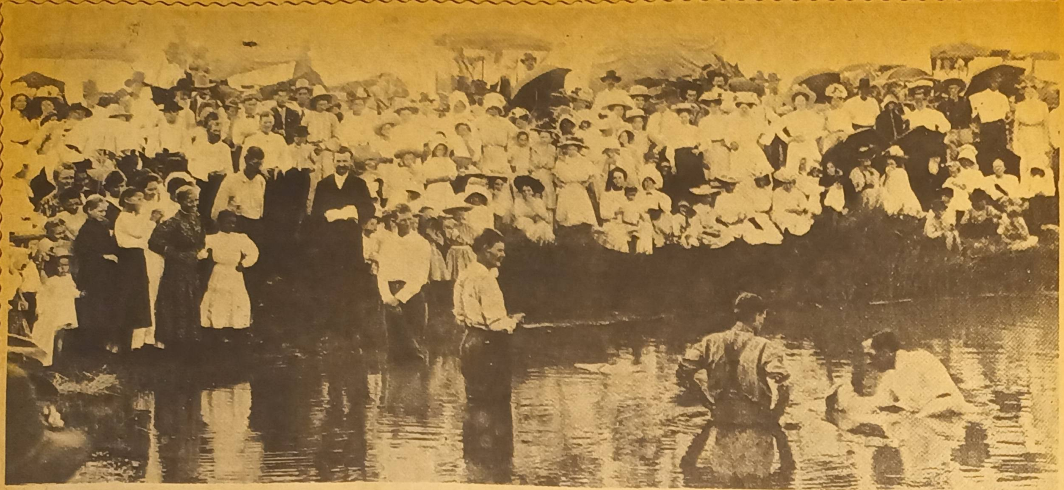
Frank Denny had a steak dinner that night, slept in a real bed for twelve hours, and had steak, eggs and biscuits the next morning. The buckboard came in from the ranch about noon and he was back at the ranch before dark. Less than a week later he had ample cause to vividly remember the conversation at the bar when he was asked to join a posse in a search for Dilda who was suspected of shooting a deputy sheriff in the back.

Two middle-aged brothers, H. W. and J. B. Williscraft, both bachelors, had come to the Walnut Creek country from Canada shortly after the Civil War and had done well ranching and farming. After H. W. Williscraft bought out his brother's interest and found the work too much for him, he started looking around for someone to take over the farming end. Dilda came along and claimed to be a farmer. A deal was made.

Dilda moved his wife and two small children into the big, old Williscraft home. Williscraft reserved one room for his personal belongings and put a double lock on the door. He also left old "General Grant" Jenkins on the place to look after the Williscraft interests. General Grant got his nickname because he wore a Union Army officer's cap from the day he mustered out of the service until the day he died.

Williscraft visited the ranch early in December and found the locks had been pried off the door to the room he had reserved, and a valuable gold watch and two guns were missing. He learned from

(Continued on page 52)



Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Baptizing in the pond.

BACKSLIDERS and BRUSH ARBORS

There was no better place to wrestle the Devil and witness Beulah Land!

By G. L. SAVAGE

Photos Courtesy Author

PEOPLE from every state in the Union and many foreign countries rushed to the Indian Territory as soon as different strips were opened to the public. Their religious beliefs and codes of ethics, if any, were equally diverse. Many were poor people and their possessions were meager. Some had crossed the ocean in steerage, with their life savings in their pockets.

There were very few churches then, although one band of Cherokees who had come from eastern Tennessee over the "Trail of Tears," tore their little church down and moved it with them to their new home. The army forts and most of the trading posts had churches nearby but they were quite small, so the strangers had to build their own. A substantial church could be built in a short while by willing hands.The altar was built by the man considered the best carpenter in the group. He never volunteered to do the job for it was considered an honor to be asked. The altar was made with care and precision, sometimes from fine old walnut taken from a dresser that had been brought in a wagon from the backwoods of Tennessee or Kentucky.

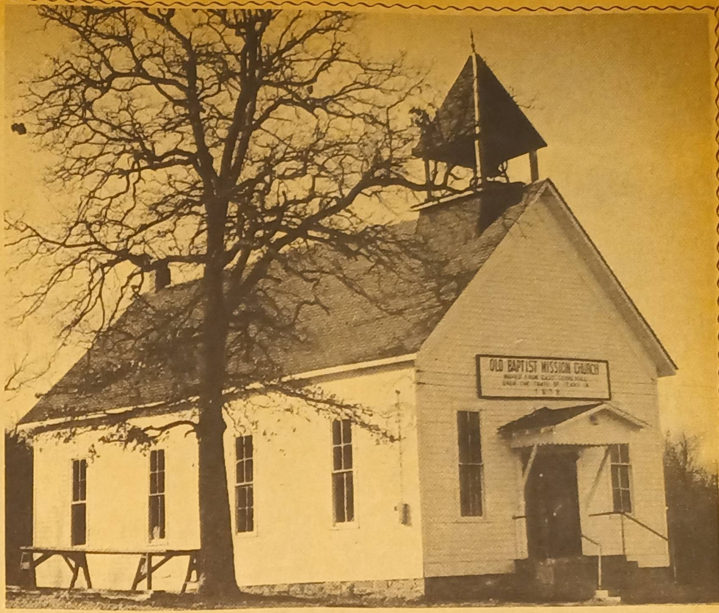
The hot summers of the Territory would find the churches empty. Brush arbors, where the breeze could blow through, were much preferred. Many of the arbors were put up far from the church, and usually in a small valley near a stream or spring so the place could be used for camp meetings.

Different denominations used the same place of worship, their representatives having been sent there by the missionary boards of their home churches in the States. The established denominations were well represented and rivalry among them was strong and lively. They were referred to as "stiff-necked Presbyterians, fried-chicken Methodists, and hard-shelled Baptists" in a friendly way. Priests of the Catholic faith were called "horse collars," a term I could never understand until a dear friend of mine, Monsignor MacCauley, who knew the frontier well, told me it was because they buttoned their collars in back.

Brush arbors were used by anyone who wanted to use them and many itinerant preachers traveling about the country with their families in covered wagons did. The majority of these men had no training in theology and very few could read very well, but they preached frontier religion loudly and long. They yelled at the sinners and sobbed softly with the faithful, promising the torments of Hades to some and the rewards of Heaven to others.

Money was never requested for the preacher but only for the "work of the Lord," as he put it.

The crowd's response would increase as the evening wore on—shouting, singing, and repeating amens from one side of the arbor to the other. The preacher would stop suddenly and invite the repenters to come forward to the mourners bench. They would straggle up to the front with heads bowed and hands folded, to be met there with open arms. Soon the whole congregation would be hugging each other, except the little children who slept through it all, wrapped in quilts in the middle of the aisle.



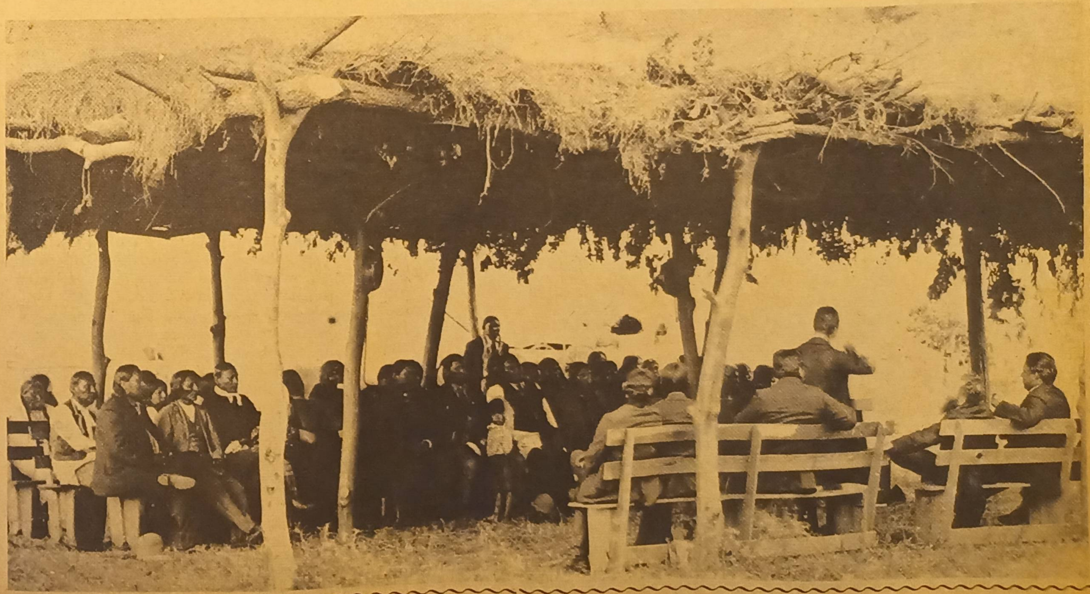
This little church came from East Tennessee over the "Trail of Tears" in 1838.

One night when things had quieted down and the repentants were kneeling at their bench, the preacher felt something heavy on his foot while his eyes were closed in prayer. He told his listeners at the top of his lungs about his problem. "Sisters and brothers," he yelled, "the word of God is in my mouth, but the devil is in my britches and crawling up my leg." Giving them that explanation for his sudden departure, he tore out for the darkness of the woods where he could remove his pants and get rid of the snake.

The young missionaries who were in the Territory to establish lasting churches became a little uneasy about these preachers and the crowds they drew. One ambitious Presbyterian who was impatient to get his own congregation built up wrote to his superiors and asked permission to do a little shouting of his own. The reply came as fast as the slow mail could get it there. "You will," the letter stated in no uncertain terms, "conduct

Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

Below, camp meeting and brush arbor.



Early missionaries in an Indian village.

your services with reverence and decorum."

BRUSH ARBORS were used in summer months for camp meetings. Farm crops were left to mature, livestock turned out to pasture, and everybody departed for the camp. It was there that neighbors became acquainted with each other. Many of them lived in dugouts, big square or oblong holes dug in the earth with logs for beams, and branches and sod for roofs.

Not many had a place to entertain friends, so they met at the campgrounds. The colors of their skins were as varied as their places of origin, their religious beliefs and their rituals of worship. There was only one language understood by all of them and that was a smile and a handshake. Many lasting friendships were started that way.

Calico or lawn dresses with sunbonnets to match were worn by the women and girls; men sported new overalls if they had them and home-made shirts. Under the finery all wore one thing in common, underwear made from flour sacks. A big Pottawatomie Indain named John always wore a blanket in the summer while the other Indians wore shirts. One year, a few weeks before a meeting, he was sitting in the shade with one of the homesteaders waiting for the man's wife to finish the churning so they could each have a glass of fresh buttermilk. The Indian loosened his blanket around his shoulders a little to admit some cool air and was asked why he didn't wear a shirt. John replied that there were no shirts in the stores big enough for him.

The woman finished her churning and while the men were drinking their buttermilk, went into the dugout for her work basket. She picked up a tape measure and told Big John to take his blanket off. The modest old Indian just stared at her in silence. Her husband took the blanket from the big man's shoulders and held it while his wife stood on a kitchen chair and measured shoulders, chest, and arms. It took five yards of material to make a shirt big enough and long enough for the tail to hang out, which was the Indian fashion of the day. The heavy blue chambray was trimmed in bright red calico with stripes across the tail. No king in finest raiment stood more tall and proud than Big John did at the camp meeting.

Farmers who lived near the campgrounds brought produce for sale. Their wagons were loaded with vegetables, butter and eggs, all of which were sold by the measure of crocks and buckets instead of by the pound or dozen. Muskmelons were two for a nickel and watermelons cost a dime.

There were not many Jews in the new country. A few were trying to make enough money to start a business of their own in some little town. Some of them owned wagons and teams, and traveled around selling a few bolts of cloth, sewing thread, simple tools and a few toys. At least one such camp wagon was usually present at a meeting.

A young Jewish peddler who had come from northern Europe had left his family there until he could make a home for them. His own childhood had been one of cold and hunger. He wanted something better for his own children and he chose to come to the Indian Territory. He was a good man, devout and self-sacrificing. He lived in his wagon and saved every silver dollar that he could get his hands on. He wanted his family to be with him as soon as possible. He did not think very highly of the post offices he saw, nor the idea of sending a piece of paper instead of the money itself to his wife. So the silver dollars were carefully hoarded until he had enough, then he hid them in barrels of flour and sent them to his wife by freight. Finally the great day came when the family could be reunited in New York. He took them to a big department store and bought each one a complete new outfit of clothes from hat to shoes and started the long trip back by train—happy, tired, and proud.

But he had problems. It took the young man a long time to convince his wife that it was useless to dig through every sack or barrel of flour looking for dollars. The new country was just like the old. People had to work for a living.

SUNRISE found the campers all getting up about the same time. Fires flickered and the smell of boiling coffee and frying bacon filled the air. There was a steady parade of men and boys on their way to the creek and back, all with a towel and bar of soap in one hand and a water bucket in the other. They washed in the creek but the women preferred the privacy of the tents or wagons.

Indian men opened the flaps of their tepees and stood outside facing the East. In complete silence they would light their long-stemmed pipes. The bowls would be held in their right hands and the stems in their left. The first puff would be offered to the rising sun, the next to the earth, and the next to the spirits to the right and left of them. Then the Indians would smoke while their wives fixed breakfast.

The Jew would rise at the same time the others did and put his prayer shawl around his shoulders. He would carefully arrange the four tassels of the tallith, place the little box or phylactery holding his favorite scriptures on his left arm, and worship God.

Most families merely gathered around the campfires before breakfast, and bowed their heads while the father gave thanks for their daily bread.

The Last Sunday of the meeting was the day for baptizing. Services in the arbor stopped earlier than usual so the people could have their noon meal, pack up to leave for home, and get ready for the most important event of the week. Then they gathered by any pool in the creek deep enough to allow immersion. Nearby trees were filled with little boys, sprawled out on the limbs and waiting impatiently for the service to begin. Dogs chased crawfish along the shore, and elders sat in kitchen chairs or on stools in favored positions.

Everyone who knew the words of the songs sang them together, but in different languages. Old "One Hundred," with its simple words by Martin Luther, had been translated for Indian tribes by Protestant missionaries who had worked with them. Those who did not know the words, hummed the tune, and the result of their vocal efforts was as pleasing as it was strange to those not accustomed to hearing it. The Indians were beginning to accept the white man's religion without completely giving up their own.

Those to be immersed waited patiently for their turn, while the old people moved their lips in silent prayer and boys in the trees covered theirs with their hands to keep from giggling out loud.

Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

Medicine men such as this one often attended camp meetings.

All camp meetings were over by harvest time. Transient preachers went on their way to warmer places, and transient cotton pickers and corn huskers moved in. There was plenty of work to be done. Men with families set up camp around their wagons, and single men stayed with the families who gave them work. On Sunday the little churches would be sur-

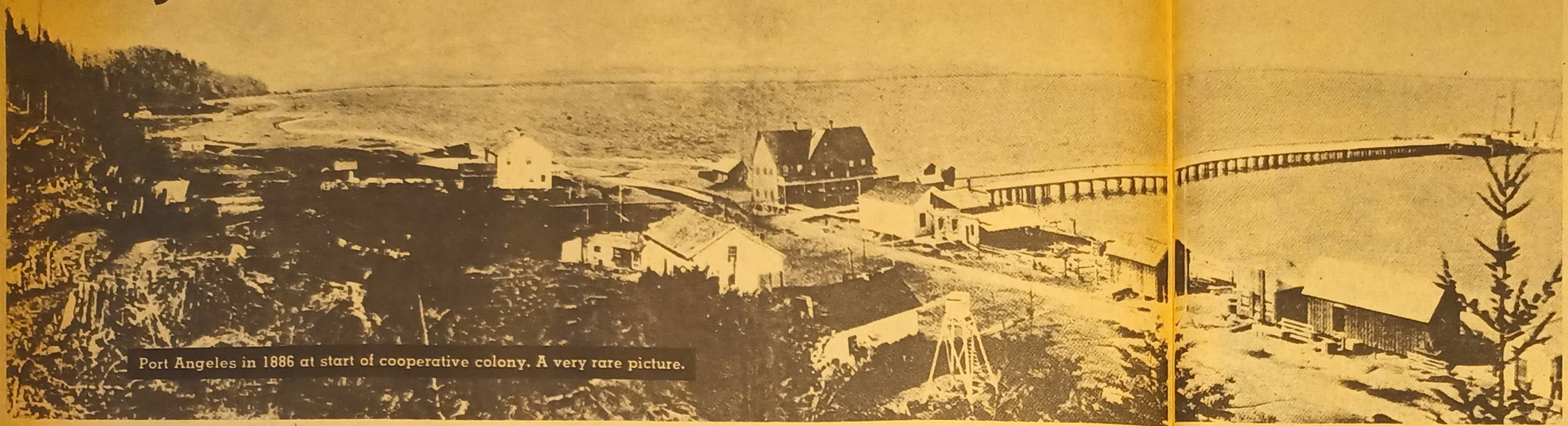
(Continued on page 70)

Pictured below is the first post office in Oklahoma City. Many early settlers did not trust the mail and sent money by freight.

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

POST OFFICE

30,000 Yesterdays in Photos



Port Angeles in 1886 at start of cooperative colony. A very rare picture.

Bert Kellogg is short on eyesight but long on vision!

By GENEVIEVE H. MILLER

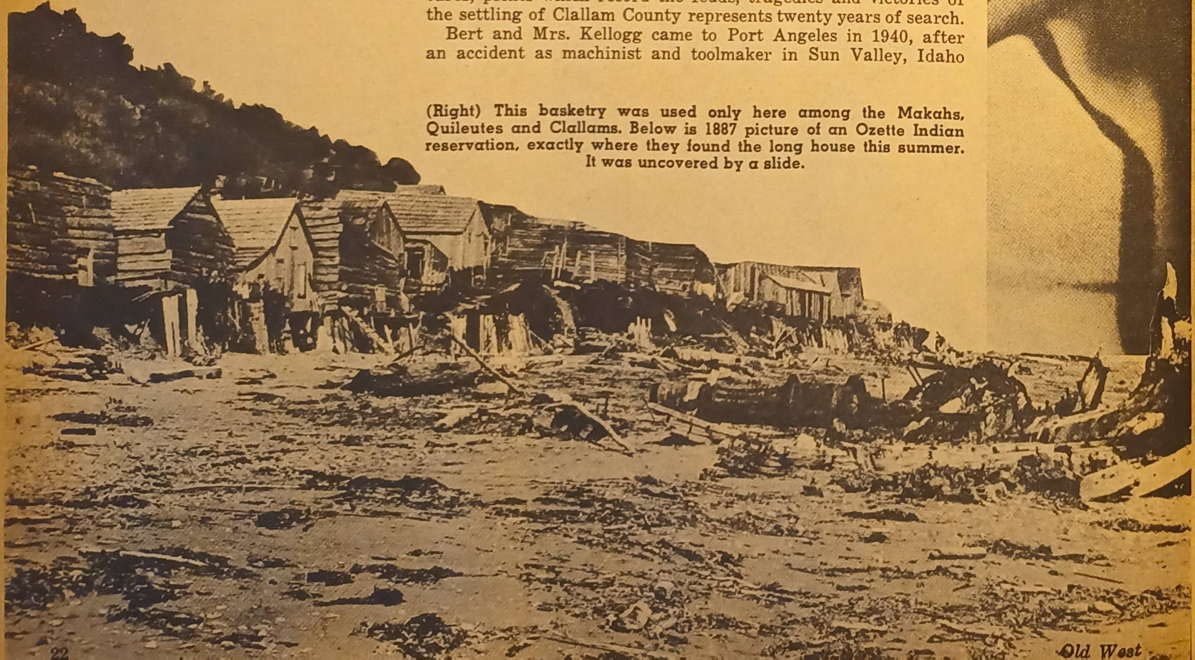
Photos Courtesy Author

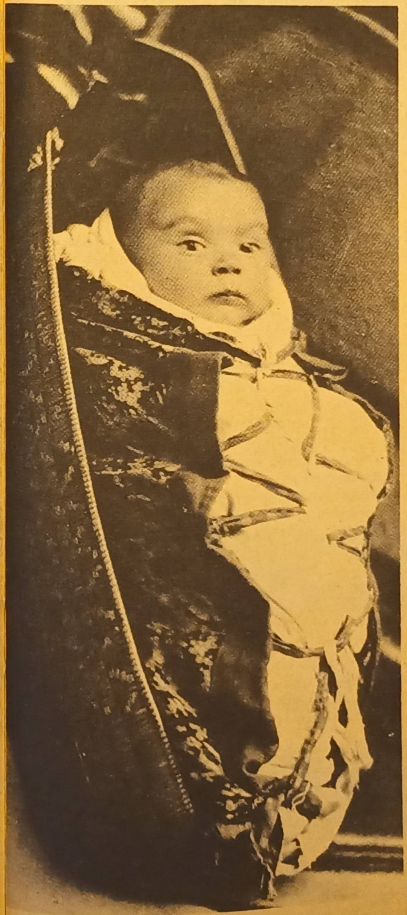
IN December 1970 Bert Kellogg gave Clallam County, Washington residents one of their most valuable gifts when he donated thousands of old photographs to the Port Angeles library.

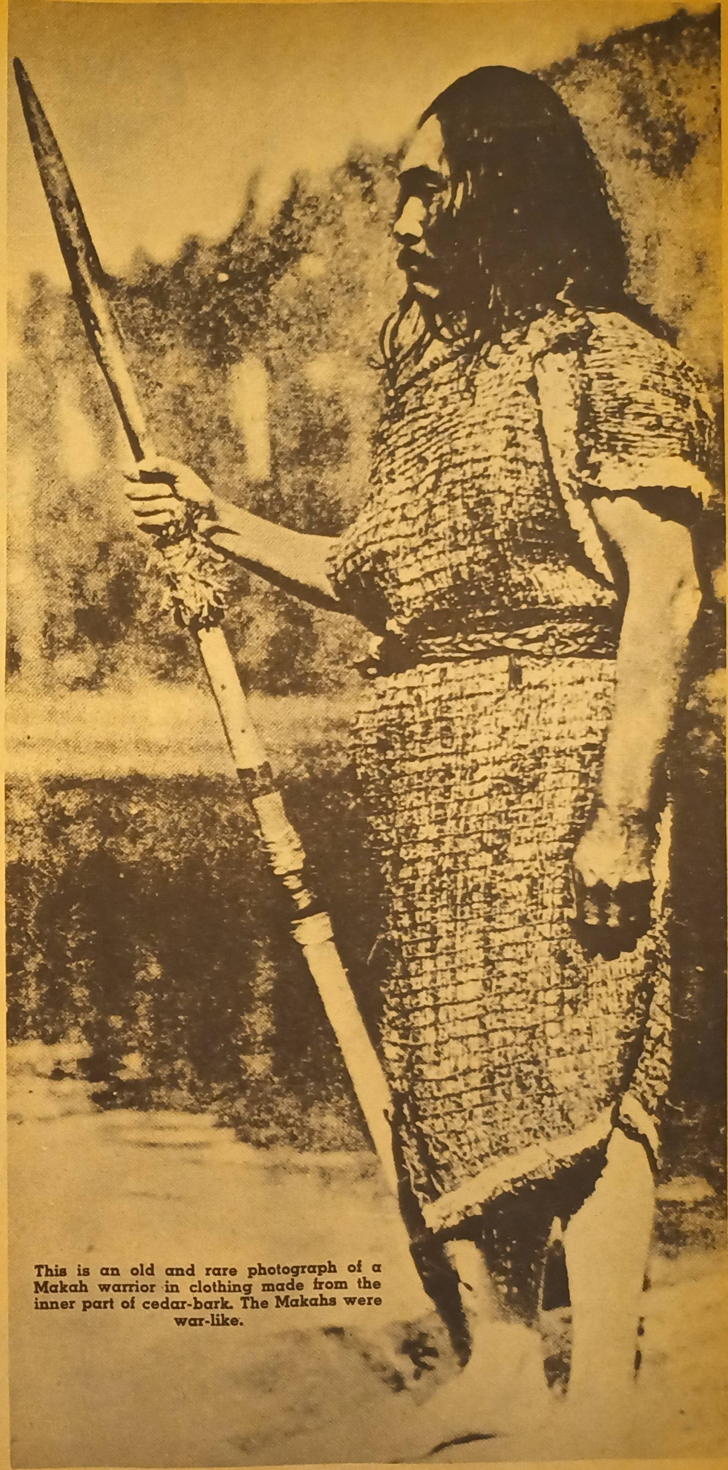
For years Mr. Kellogg, who is past seventy and nearly blind, and his wife, whose vision also is very poor, had worried about fire in their small frame house on the city's outskirts. Often they had discussed that danger with friends. "If a fire broke out while we're asleep, would Taxes wake us?" Taxes is their black and white bulldog, acquired the year the Kelloggs' personal taxes rose alarmingly. Their collection of thirty thousand pictures, prints which record the feuds, tragedies and victories of the settling of Clallam County represents twenty years of search.

Bert and Mrs. Kellogg came to Port Angeles in 1940, after an accident as machinist and toolmaker in Sun Valley, Idaho

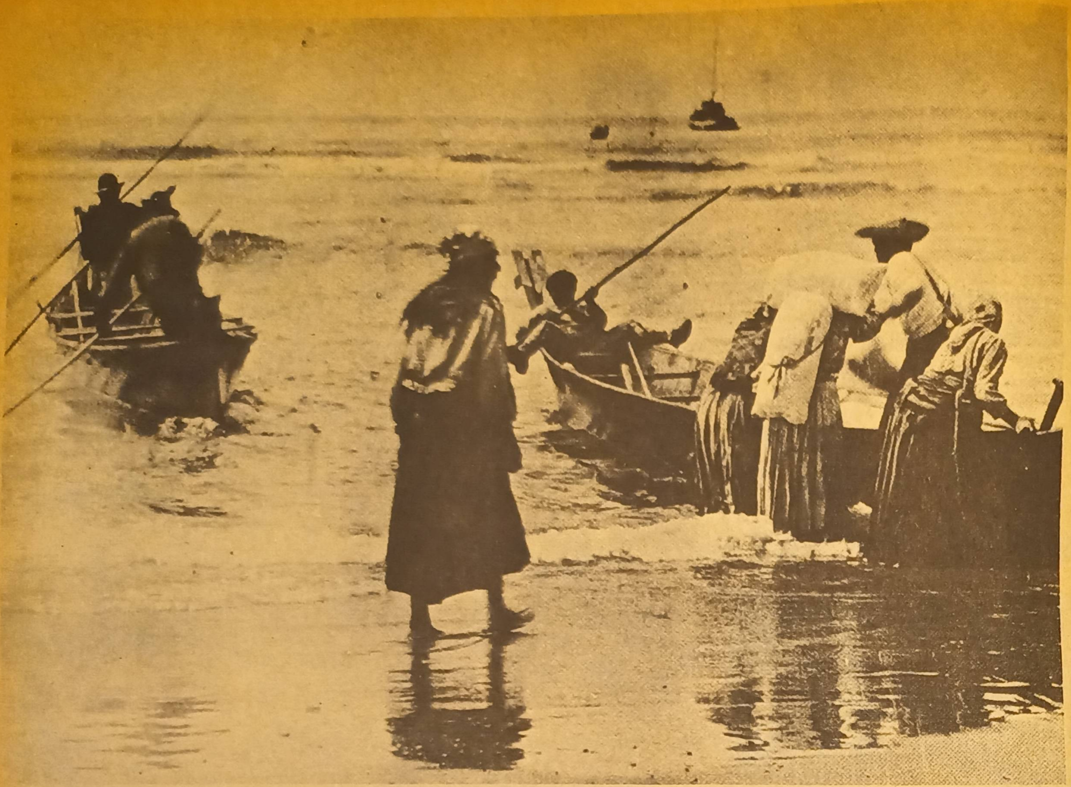
(Right) This basketry was used only here among the Makahs, Quileutes and Clallams. Below is 1887 picture of an Ozette Indian reservation, exactly where they found the long house this summer. It was uncovered by a slide.



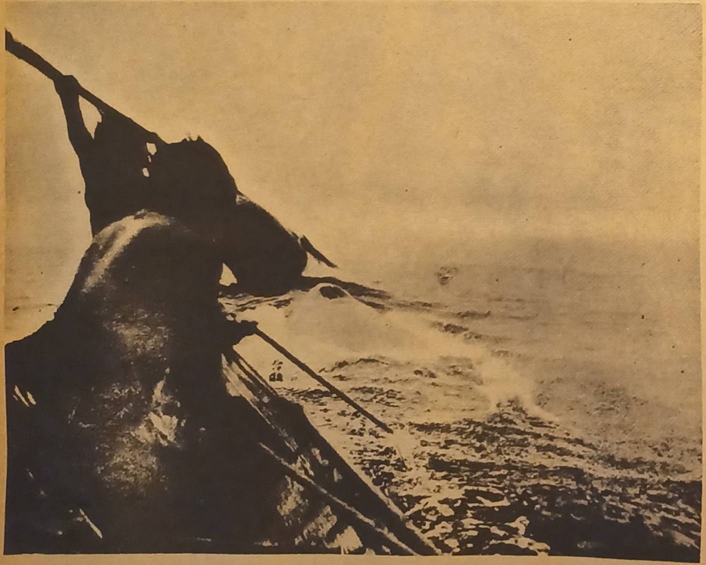




This is an old and rare photograph of a Makah warrior in clothing made from the inner part of cedar-bark. The Makahs were war-like.



Unloading supplies at La Push, in western Washington. The canoes are hand-carved. This photo was made long ago when women did the hard work, and also were the burial squad. Note one woman carrying two sacks, each weighing one hundred pounds.



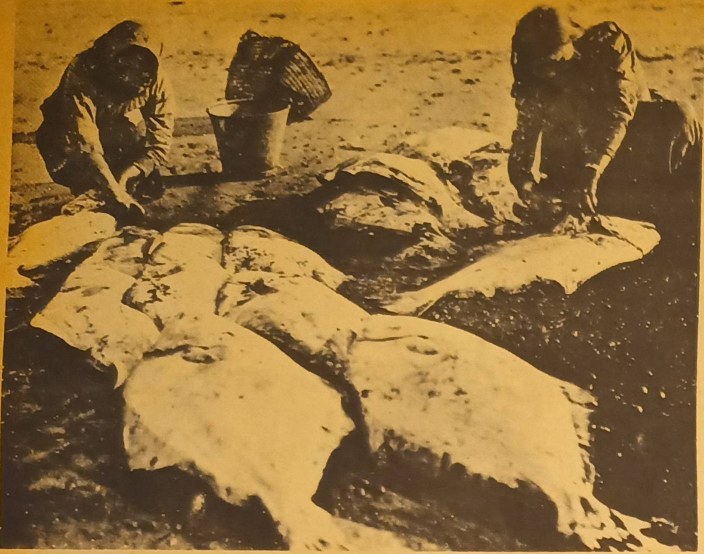
virtually destroyed his eyesight. For two years he fished commercially. Then one day, while on a visit to the old dark room at the Tom Birk drug store, Kellogg made the discovery which changed his life. He found that his limited vision, which in optometric language is "ten over two hundred" (meaning that it is immeasurable), was adequate for developing negatives.

Ever since his arrival at Port Angeles Kellogg had been intrigued with the unusual origin of that city and had told the historical society, "I am joining your group. I want to learn more about the Cooperative Colony, the Indian troubles and the canoe doctors." He began scouting for old prints, securing many hundreds from descendants of the area's pioneers. In time, using a powerful magnifying glass on the one eye with any sight, Kellogg was making pictures for the Clallam County Historical Society

Indians off Cape Flattery harpooning whales. This is the only picture of its kind in existence, so the historical society thinks. The Indian at left is fastening a float made from hair seal to the already harpooned whale. Indian in foreground is harpooning the second whale.

A pioneer home in 1887.

Old schoolhouse before 1900 at Palo Alto road near Port Angeles.



Above are Neah Bay Indian women preparing halibut. Below is an Old Port Angeles cabin in 1887.

for its 500-page book to be called, "Jimmy Come Lately." He also has been a picture source for newspapers, writers, and the national museum at Washington, D. C.

THOUGH his vision has decreased, his friendliness, generosity and remarkable memory have grown with his collection. He smiles shyly, as he makes light of his work. "It's nice to know you're helping keep the past alive." Nor does he mention his helpfulness in suggesting forgotten or little known incidents and anecdotes about leaders, faithful workers and notorious scoundrels of the county's settling—knowledge gleaned from conversation with old-timers.

He has unusual pictures of Indians in their dugout canoes, harpooning whales then attaching skin floats to the carcass; also of Quileutes returning from rowing seventeen miles across the rough Strait of Juan de Fuca from the Hudson's Bay trading post at Victoria, B. C. where they had traded pigs and potatoes for staples. The photographs show the women hoisting hundred-pound sacks of sugar and flour from the canoes, while the men watched. One shows a woman with two of the sacks on her back.

Other photos show Makah warriors in

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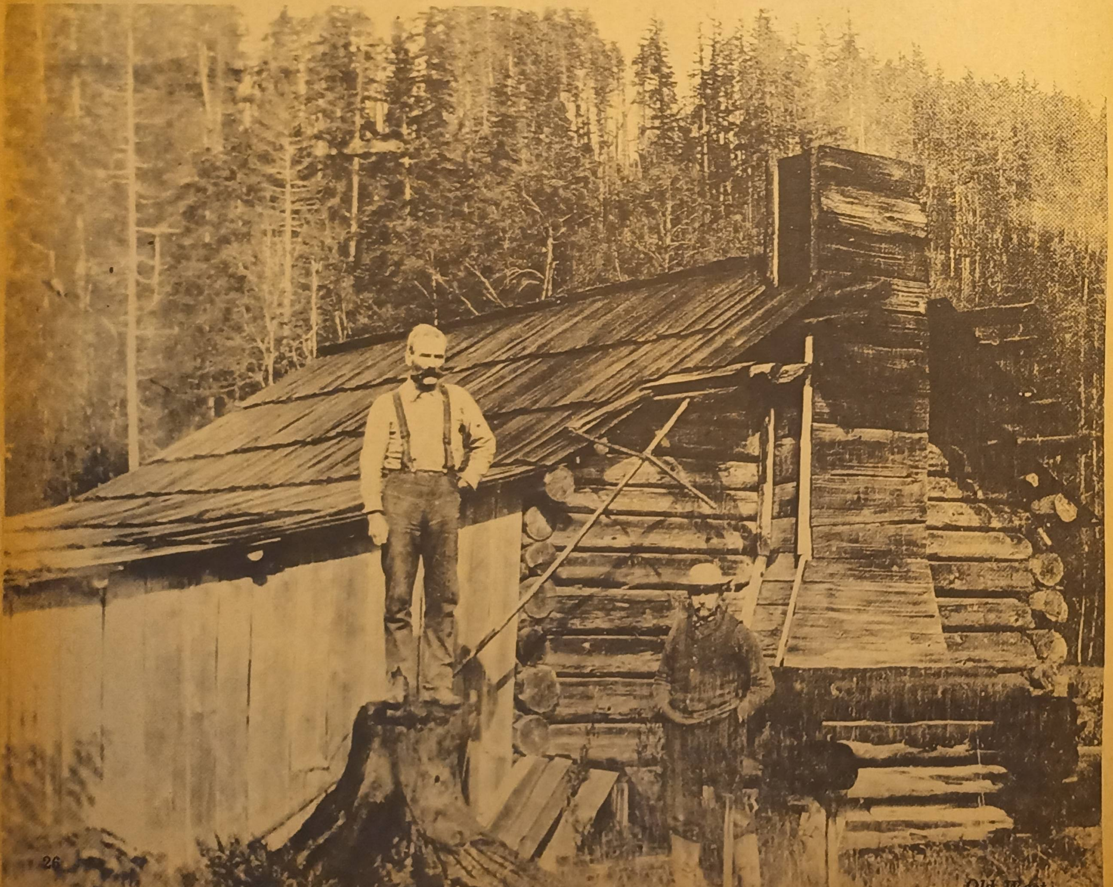
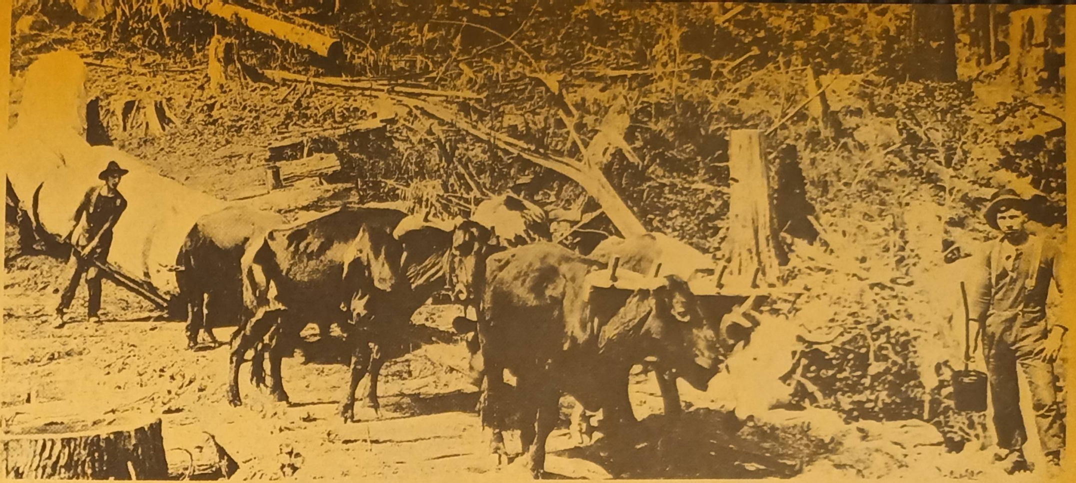
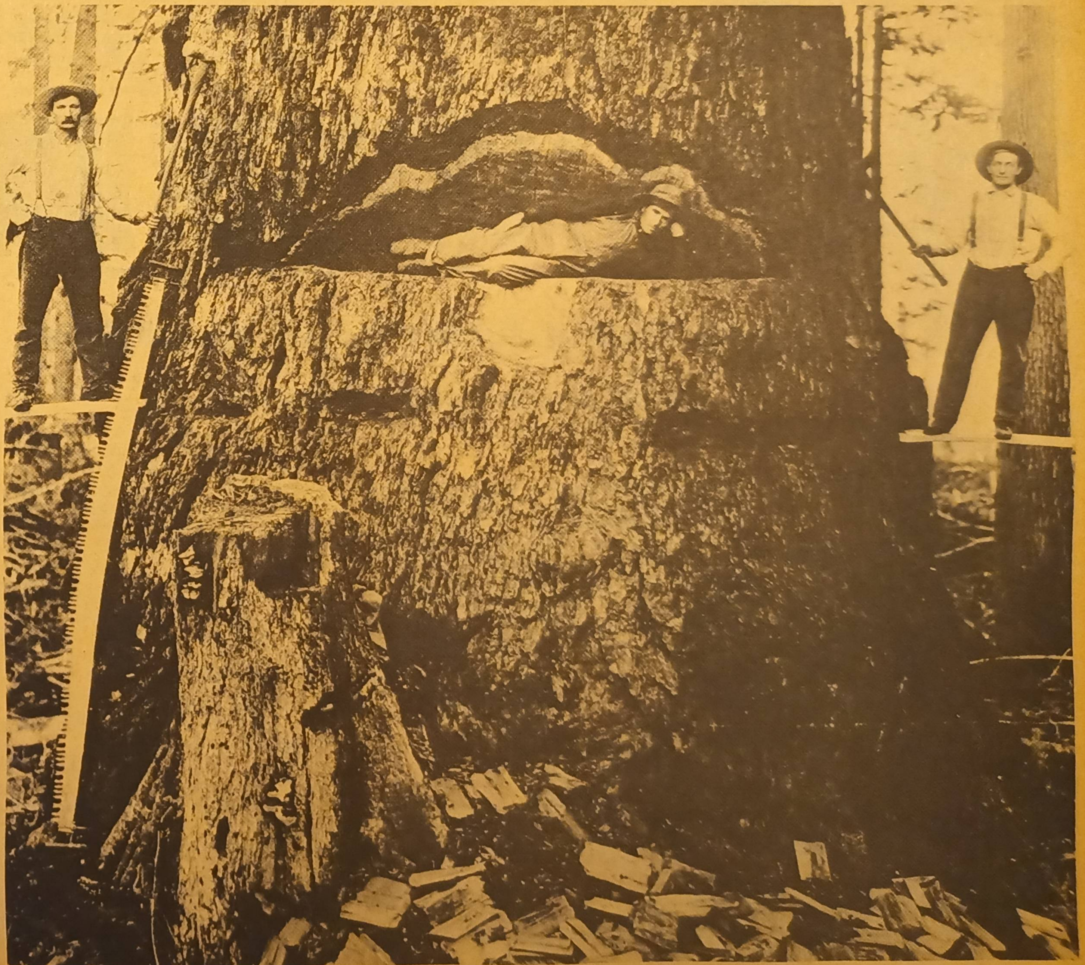
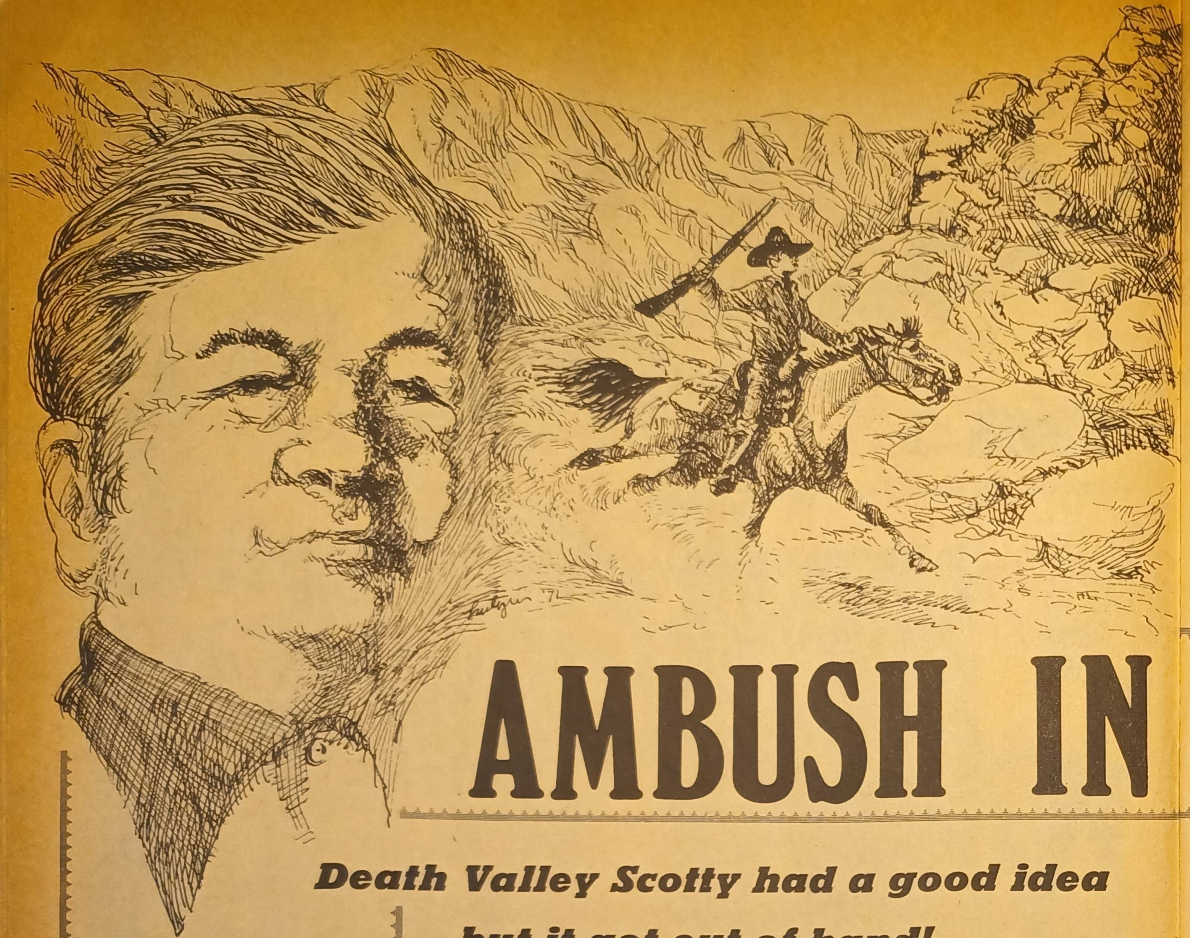




An 1890 photo showing peeled logs being pulled by oxen. Grease monkey at right with dog fish oil. Below is early logging scene in Port Angeles.





AMBUSH IN WINGATE PASS

Death Valley Scotty had a good idea but it got out of hand!

By ROBERTA M. STARRY

Photos Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Paul Hudgins

A RELENTLESS wind gave the pass its name, but the rough miles with no waterholes gave Windy Gap its reputation. The long teams and massive borax wagons cut the trail in the 1880s en route from the borax works in Death Valley to the rail shipping point at Mojave.

The road, following a natural exit, ascended a rugged wash out of the southern part of Death Valley and passed between the lower tip of the Panamint Range and the Owl Mountains of eastern California. Narrow canyons, sandy washes and unexpected boulders moved in by sudden cloudbursts made each trip hard on men, teams and equipment. The only respite during the trip was near the top where the cut widened for a ten-mile stretch only to be followed by more rough country on the descent into Panamint Valley.

The pass christened Windy Gap by the twenty-mule team wagon drivers officially became Wingate Pass but the change of name didn't improve the road or the country through which it passed. There continued to be known and unknown lost and dead men associated with the area. Some of the tragedies were explained or credited to lack of water, intense summer heat, or insufficient knowledge of the country. Others remained a mystery.

It was in a boulder-strewn, twisting section of this road that shots whined and ricocheted on February 26, 1906. A party comprised of Easterners and desert men traveling together by team, wagon and horseback had been ambushed. Warner Scott, older brother of the much publicized "Death Valley Scotty," was seriously injured.

In reality the ambush was the result of Death Valley Scotty's many years of boasting about his fabulous gold mine. Frequent reports in Barstow describing the large loads of ore Scotty was bringing out of Death Valley by pack animal kept interest high. One party after another attempted to follow Scotty back into the valley in hopes of discovering his source, but with uncanny skill he successfully eluded them and the episode would end in the hunters' discomfort and the hunted having a good laugh.

IN SPITE of all the reports there were no facts to prove that Scotty had a mine, much less where it might be. There were times when he was flush with money, tossing coins toward groups of children just to watch them scramble, or paying for all drinks in a saloon. And periodically Scotty would publicly declare he was broke and in need of financial help so he could further develop his mine. Grubstaking was an accepted financial arrangement of the times and there seemed to be no shortage of men with means (some with mining knowledge) who were willing to gamble on a share in Scotty's mine.

In 1903 Julian Gerard, vice president of the New York Knickerbocker Trust Company had staked Scotty to $1,500 for 22½% of the mine. Other amounts were added later until finally Gerard grew restless. No tangible evidence had appeared to justify his investment. Early in 1906 Gerard demanded an examination of the fabled mine and sent two experts, A. W. Sinclair and Daniel E. Owen, to represent him.

Scotty was in a spot. He had to either show a mine or lose his backing. Suddenly the squat desert character with the big black felt hat became very cooperative, making all necessary preparations for a trip to his mine in Death Valley. The number of wagons, teams and men in the party that headed for the valley is clouded in the varied reports of the eventful trip. Legal records name the two mine experts, Owen and Sinclair, Walter Scott (Death Valley Scotty), his brothers Bill and Warner, and his associates Bill Keyes (some news accounts gave the name as Keys), A. Y. Pearl, and a Dr. Jones.

A section of Titus Canyon near Scotty's Castle was rough to travel but many searched here for Scotty's rich gold mine.

Gerard's men were met at the train by Scotty and a well armed guard, with extra artillery in the wagon. The explanation for the guns was that Indians had ambushed two of Scotty's miners the previous week and he feared for the lives of the party as well as for his own.

The long dusty trip through the desert and up into Wingate Pass was uneventful but the atmosphere was tense. As the cavalcade moved along, Scotty pointed out locations of past Indian attacks, where freighters had been robbed or their outfits had met with unexplainable accidents. The Easterners were impressed and ready for trouble at every turn in the road.

Scotty, always a showman, is reported to have given a colorful, spine-chilling, account of how in 1891 he had searched twenty-eight days for W. M. Shadler, a missing teamster, and how he found the dehydrated, near mummified body and buried it at the mouth of the pass. The story teller was playing on the Easterners' nerves in the guise of entertaining and helping pass the long dreary miles.

WHEN a prospector suddenly appeared around a curve in the road, his report of having been shot at some distance farther up the rutted path came as no surprise. No one doubted the badly shaken man as he showed a bullet hole in his hat and then hurried away to get out of the area. Scotty rode back and forth between the wagons assuring the fearful that the well-armed guard would discourage an attack, but they had advanced only a short distance when shots rained around the lead wagon. Daniel Owens and Scotty's brother Warner were in that wagon, separated from the remainder of the party by a sharp bend in the road.

The moment was filled with the confusion of gunfire from a rocky crag

(Continued on page 55)

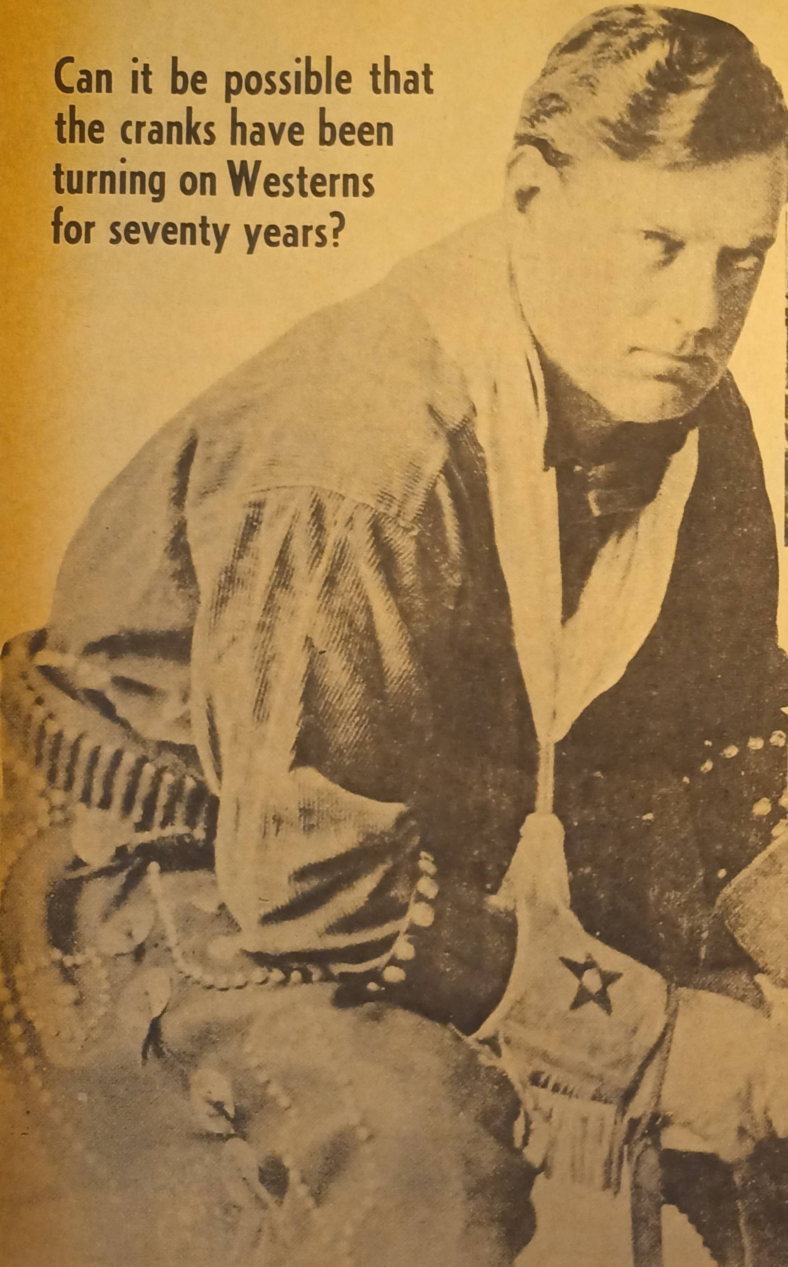
Thirty years after the Wingate Pass ambush, posing in the living room of the elaborate Death Valley Castle are Mrs. Johnson on left, and two of the leading participants in the ambush plot, center, Walter Scott, "Death Valley Scotty" who led the party into the pass and Albert Johnson who played the part of Doc Jones.

BRONCHO BILLY'S LAST RIDE

By ROBERT R. MASKELL

Photos Courtesy Author

Can it be possible that the cranks have been turning on Westerns for seventy years?



Broncho Billy's career lasted from 1909 to 1916. In later years he dropped the "h" from Broncho. Picture above is from the film "The Cowboy Coward."

EACH DAY the world of the Silent Screen becomes a little more remote as once familiar figures such as Broncho Billy (G.M.) Anderson grow old and die.

Anderson, who made the Essanay Studios in Niles, California and the scenery of Niles Canyon famous the world over in his early motion pictures, was born Max Aronson in 1882 at Little Rock, Arkansas and grew up with no greater excitement in his life than the average American boy. In 1900, having acquired a little acting experience, he decided to try New York, center of the theatrical world and rapidly becoming the center for motion pictures as well. This was the period when Bison, Selig, Edison and others were the major producers.

It didn't take much to get into the motion picture industry then—a camera, an empty building, a suitable street, a few actors, some park bench occupants to fill in as extras, and a studio was born. A movie of that day was no more than an incident, a trick, a fall, anything that moved on the screen. Nobody worried about telling stories. It was with this introduction that Aronson tried his hand, too, at both producing and directing. By 1901-02, films had proven so bad that theatres ran them as "chasers," so called because they ran between vaudeville shows to chase patrons out of the theatres, since few people could endure sitting through several reels of them.

In 1903 the idea was advanced that a film could tell a story. Max Aronson by this time had become deeply involved in this new media, but neither he nor anyone else was aware of the role he literally would play in this next great step in motion picture history.

"The Great Train Robbery" had been played on the stage for many years when Edwin S. Porter decided to make a film that would tell a story. So taking the title, "The Great Train Robbery," he arranged with the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad to use its rail line near Dover, New Jersey for filming the story. This would be the real thing, not a painted canvas backdrop for a set. Max Aronson, by then known as G. M. Anderson, was selected by Porter to lead the robber gang after Anderson claimed he could ride like a ranger.

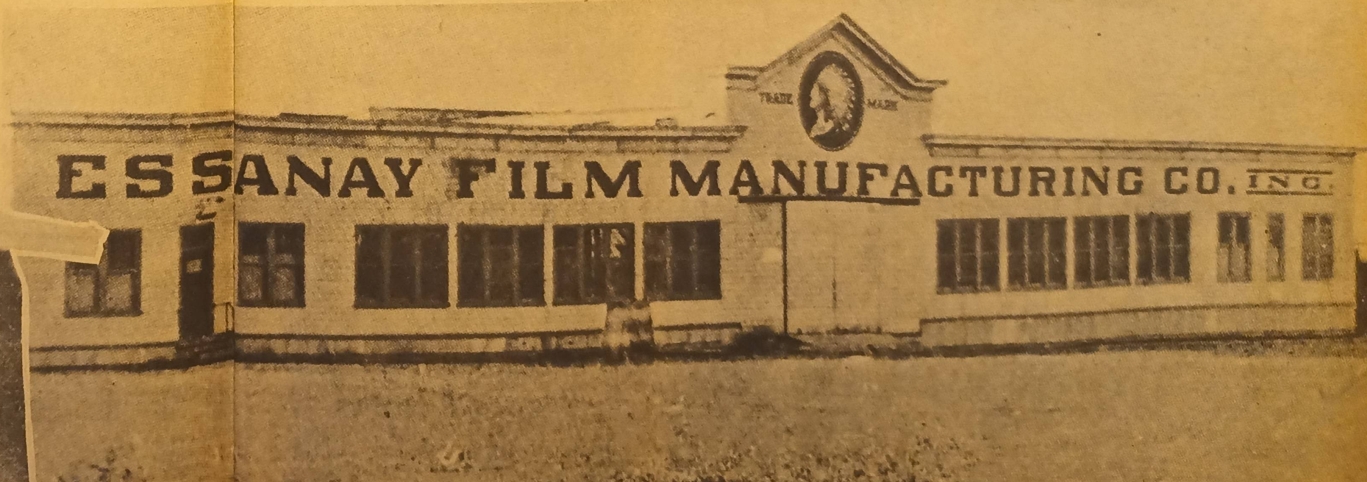
This motion picture was an immediate success, playing to packed theatres, and a whole new pattern was set for the industry. Anderson saw the great potential and moved more deeply into the field, directing for Vitagraph Studios in 1905 a version of "Raffles, the American Cracksman." He moved to Chicago two years later when Chicago itself became a minor motion picture metropolis.

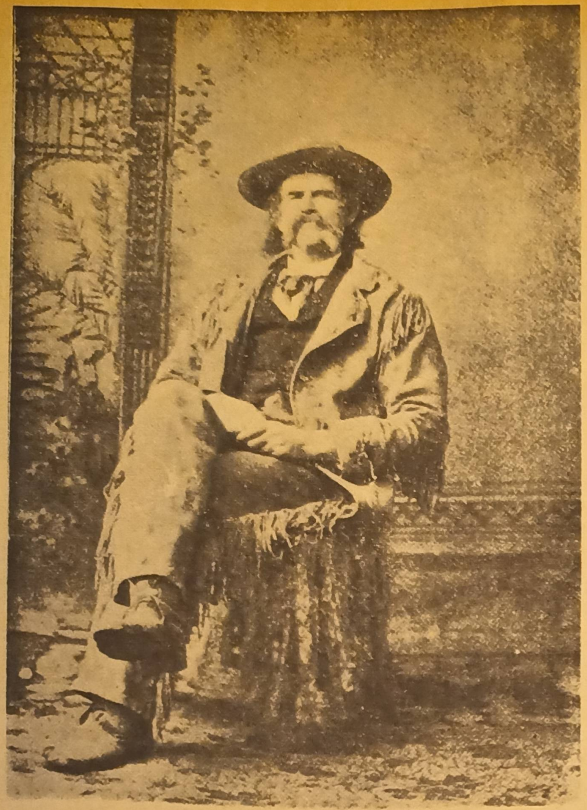
Colonel William Selig, George Kleine and George K. Spoor were busily making one-reelers. Anderson worked for Selig. Anderson, remembering the acclaim of "The Great Train Robbery," wanted to try other ideas along the same line. Selig seemed apathetic about Anderson's work, so Anderson looked up his old friend Spoor. They decided to go into business. The name "Essanay" was taken from the two names of the partners, "S" from Spoor and "A" from Anderson; their trademark was an Indian head or

(Continued on page 50)

G. M. Anderson

Broncho Billy located the Essanay studio in Niles, California in 1909.





Capt. Wm. F. Drannan.
Chief of Scouts.

This picture and signature appeared in the front of *Thirty-One Years on the Plains and in the Mountains.*

Frontier Legend

(Continued from page 15)

alleged purchases were made back during a time when that country was rather new and more or less unorganized, and records may not have been kept on some of the transactions of the earlier days. Until a more complete search is made this instance could not be considered a conclusive case against Mr. Drannan's statements of land purchases, but it certainly has that appearance.

Since Drannan had claimed that he was employed by the U.S. Army during the Modoc War under General Wheaton, and also by the U.S. Army under Crook in Arizona, the Army should have had some sort of record of him. A report from the National Archives, Washington, D. C., gave the following information:

"January 17, 1949 . . . An examination of the records of the War Department on file in the National Archives reveals no information concerning the service of William F. Drannan. His name was not found in an index of scouts, guides couriers, etc. compiled by the War Department, nor was it found among the records of the Quartermaster Department relating to civilian scouts."

DURING the period between 1856 and 1859 Drannan reported in his book, *Thirty-one Years* . . . that he and Jim Beckwith were in the Southwest on some sort of frontier expedition and while there Drannan rescued a white girl captive from the Apaches with the help of two friendly Pima Indians. Later they went to Taos and met Kit Carson and Jim Bridger and the four of them made plans to go to the headwaters of the Missouri on a trapping expedition. They moved from place to place on this trapping excursion and covered the western part of what is now Montana, went over into Utah territory and followed their inclinations until the spring of 1859 which time found them again at Taos, New Mexico.

Drannan's second book, *Capt. Wm. F. Drannan, Chief of Scouts,* places Drannan in an entirely different location during the years 1856-1859. The second book does not show many dates. By correlation of the incidents mentioned in both volumes, it is indicated that Drannan was in Texas with a Captain McKee from 1856 to 1859, fighting the Indians. Drannan and McKee had a gang of fighting men under them and all were engaged in making warfare against the wild savages. But an article in the Houston *Chronicle,* October 11, 1910, dates Drannan's Texas experiences more definitely.

"It was in '57 and '58 that I was a member of Capt. McGee's band of Texas Rangers, and some rousin' times we had with the redskins." It will be noted that he spelled the name as McKee in his book, but used the spelling as McGee in the newspaper article. This change of spelling is not understood, but several plausible reasons appear.

In the book, Drannan and Capt. McKee were pictured with their band as roaming over the central and northwestern parts of Texas and employed in killing Indians and capturing horses from the Indians and driving them to Fort Worth and Dallas and there selling them. In this way they made money to pay their men and to reimburse themselves for their time and effort. No statement is made that either McKee or Drannan were connected with the government or that they belonged to the Texas Rangers. Also, no mention is made about their actions being guided by any higher authority. This part of the narrative is remarkable for the large number of Indians that they located and killed without getting any of their men killed, and only a few wounded. They roamed to the southeast as far as Austin. And at another time they stopped on the site of present-day Amarillo. They also passed through a settlement, apparently not named at that time, which Drannan claimed later became Childress.

At the time of their last drive of wild horses to Fort Worth and vicinity, McKee and his men heard of the gold discovery on Cherry Creek up near the future site of Denver. They then disbanded and struck out for a prospecting trip. Drannan did not go with them, but later visited Clear Creek tributaries and reported that McKee and some of his former men were on the south fork of Clear Creek and making good money. Drannan disposed of McKee by stating that he was told afterwards that McKee made a good stake, and then went back to Texas and married and bought a home and lived and died in it about seven miles northeast of where Mineral Wells is now.

The two narratives, from Drannan's two books covering the same period of time, definitely show him to be in two different places at the same time. One book shows him to be in the northwest with Carson, Bridger, and Beckwith, while the other shows him to be down south in Texas with McKee.

HOWEVER, Drannan did use some characters in his writing who were authentic. Some were well known, and others were not so well known. McKee seems to be not so well known in an historical way, but a personal investigation revealed that there was a Captain McKee who lived in Texas.

Mr. Gib Abernathy, sheriff of Palo Pinto County, Texas, from November 1914, to January 1931, was formerly acquainted with McKee, and also a George Metcalf of Palo Pinto, Texas, a nephew.

Metcalf stated that Joel McKee was born in Indiana about 1824, and later lived in Rushville, Illinois. He went to Oregon in 1847, then back to Illinois, and upon hearing of gold in California, he went to that territory and made money, after which he went to Palo Pinto, Texas, arriving there about 1855 or 1856. He acquired horses about that time and built his herd to a size of 350 or 400 head. He pastured these horses generally to the north of Palo Pinto. Metcalf displayed the records of the Recorder of Deeds of Palo County and the Index of Deeds showed that Joel McKee had made and recorded a purchase of land in the year 1857: "Joel McKee bought 160 acres of land from John Reasoner and wife in 1857. Book C. p. 626. Index of Deeds, Palo Pinto, Texas."

The same transaction is also shown in the Record of Deeds, Book A, pp. 626 and 627. This land purchased in the year 1857 was used for pasturing his horses. Before the beginning of the Civil War these horses were stolen by the Indians, but this theft happened after the year 1858, as according to Metcalf the "Indians did not become mean in that vicinity until after 1858." During the Civil War he was a captain in the Confederate Army and was taken prisoner and held in jail in Denver, from where he later escaped, together with two Wilson boys. Then he went with General Sibley and helped him and his men through the mountains. He was in the battle of Glorieta, New Mexico, and at a point where they desired to cross a stream, Chivington's troops opposed them, McKee was known to have made a remark, "If that dog Chivington comes near I will shoot him." McKee moved to Oklahoma about 1900. Before his exit to Oklahoma, Metcalf recalled quite plainly that McKee stated he was acquainted with Drannan.

Metcalf had never heard anything about McKee fighting Indians in 1857 and 1858, and he emphasized that the "Indians did not get bad in that vicinity until after 1858 or 1859."

Drannan stated that his McKee settled, and lived, and died about seven miles northeast of Mineral Wells, Texas. Inquiry revealed that no McKees had lived in or near that vicinity and that the only McKees in Palo Pinto County had lived in or near the town of Palo Pinto which is about twelve miles west of Mineral Wells. Perhaps if Drannan had stated that his McKee, or McGee, was the Joel McKee who lived at Palo Pinto, such a story might have given the descendants of Joel McKee grounds for a suit of damages. However, since McKee admitted that he knew Drannan, he thereby gives Drannan a slight vestige of foundation to stand on, and Drannan needed it.

Photo from Frontier Legend

Mrs. Belle H. Drannan-Brown, co-author of the Drannan books.

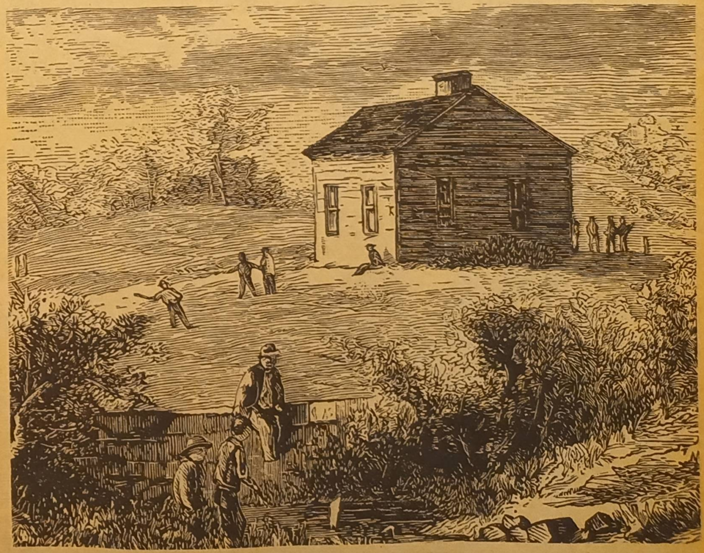
All this Indian fighting with McKee and his band took place during the twelve-year period during which Drannan's first book reported that he was with Carson, Bridger, and Beckwith, up in the northwest.

ANOTHER incident of outstanding interest in Drannan's book, *Thirty-one Years. . .,* was his alleged purchase of a hotel in Seattle, Washington, in 1887. His narrative explains it in this manner:

"In the spring of 1887 I took a trip to the Puget Sound country and found Seattle a very lively place; in fact as much so as any place I have ever seen in my life. . . . So I bought out a man named Smith, who owned a big hotel on the corner of South Second and Washington Streets . . . paying Mr. Smith $16,000 for the property and besides this I spent $1200 in repairing and fitting it up in shape. I gave it the name of 'Riverside House.' Here I built up a good business in the hotel line. . . . On the morning of June 6, 1889, my clerk came to my room and woke me up, saying that there was a fire in the northern part of town and that the wind was blowing strong from that direction. I dressed at once . . . and was just eating breakfast when one of the clerks came and told me that he could see the fire from the door. . . . That fire wiped me out slick and clean as I did not have a dollar's worth of insurance on the property, and I sold my lots where my hotel had stood at a very reduced price. I tried various speculations on a small scale during this time, but with very poor success. By this time I had spent and lost in speculation about all the money that I had realized for my property, and the outside property that I owned, I could not sell at any price. Since that time I have wandered around from pillar to post, catching a little job here and there, and at this writing I am temporarily located at Moscow, Idaho. . . ."

And in this manner the public was informed how Drannan came to be a poor man. But in those days it was rare for a rover and an Indian fighter to be able to accumulate $16,000. An attempt to substantiate this hotel deal brought an interesting report from the county auditor of King County, the county in which Seattle is located:

"With reference to one Wm. F. Drannan please be advised that we find a

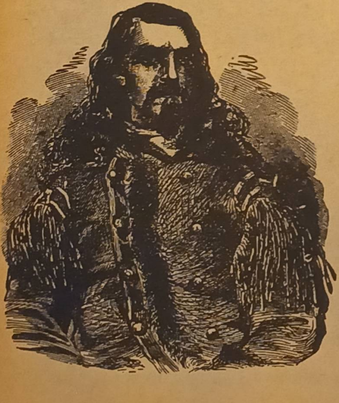


Taken from Conquering the Wilderness by Colonel Frank Triplett

Engraving of the home of Kit Carson in Howard County, Missouri.

Courtesy Milt Hinkle

Buffalo Bill Cody above in 1912. It was established that Drannan did know Buffalo Bill, and met with him in Deming, New Mexico in 1912.



At left is a drawing of Buffalo Bill from Drannan's book.

bill of sale recorded in Volume 2 of Misc., p. 212, under Auditor's Receiving No. 24789 in which he sold an undivided one-half interest in the Riverside Restaurant, basement of Minnesota House on the Southwest corner of Second Avenue South and Washington Streets, this city. We find no record of his owning any real estate around the year you mention so he was probably leasing or renting the space occupied by the restaurant. This building undoubtedly was burned down in the big fire here in June, 1889, when quite a portion of the city was destroyed by fire. We also find a year or so later that he borrowed $50 on some household furniture and his payments were $3 per month suggesting that he probably had some hard luck in the fire. If you desire a certified copy of the Bill of Sale, we will furnish same for the fee of $1.10."

THIS was an interesting clue and the $1.10 fee was sent and inquiry made concerning the date that Drannan floated the loan of $50, and when and how he repaid it, the purpose being to learn, if possible, how long he remained in Seattle. Inquiry was also made concerning the bona fide ownership of the Minnesota House. The reply came:

"We enclose herewith a certified copy of the Bill of Sale you have requested. The chattel mortgage referred to was dated March 28, 1890, and was satisfied as of record May 3, 1890. Our search was from 1852, time of beginning of keeping records in this county, until 1910, and we fail to find any other records than those we have told you about. We find no record of how Mr. Drannan acquired his interest in the Minnesota House—may have been merely renting space. We have no record of who owned the Minnesota House at the time you mention. It is possible that the Washington Title Insurance Company, 803 2nd Avenue, this city, could give you that information if you write to them explaining the circumstances."

Examination of the Bill of Sale revealed that, "In consideration of the sum of $275, gold coin, . . . paid by Mrs. Hattie E. Zook, . . . assigns the following described property, to wit: An undivided half-interest in and to the River Side Restaurant situated in the basement of the Minnesota House on the Southwest corner of South Second and Washington Streets in the city of Seattle, King County, Washington Territory, . . ." This Bill of Sale is signed by Wm. F. Drannan, X his mark, and his wife, Anna Drannan. And thus it was revealed that Drannan was married, although his book did not so state. At this point we are forced to note that Drannan's Riverside Hotel had contracted to a Riverside Restaurant, one-half of which was worth $275, and was located in the basement of the Minnesota House which he claimed to have purchased.

The Washington Title Insurance Company of Seattle reported the following: "Answering your letter of October 11, 1948, you are advised that Wm. F. Drannan never became the recorded owner of 'Minnesota House' at the southwest corner of Second Avenue South at Washington Street, in the City of Seattle, and in November of 1888, when he made a Bill of Sale to Hattie E. Zook for an undivided one-half interest in the Riverside Restaurant, (located in the basement of the Minnesota House) and the business furnishings and effects of said restaurant, the title to the real estate stood in the names of Leopold Wertheimer, Emanuel Wertheimer and Joseph L. Hess. We have searched both the direct and indirect indexes in our recording office and the only other instrument we find is a chattel mortgage recorded in Volume 8 of Chattel Mortgages, p. 217, dated March 28, 1890, executed by Wm. F. Drannan, a Real Estate Agent, and Anna, his wife, to Henry Brannian, covering furniture and furnishings in 'Room 609, Pike Street, in the City of Seattle'."

HOTEL SEATTLE
TICKET OFFICE
NORTHERN PACIFIC

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

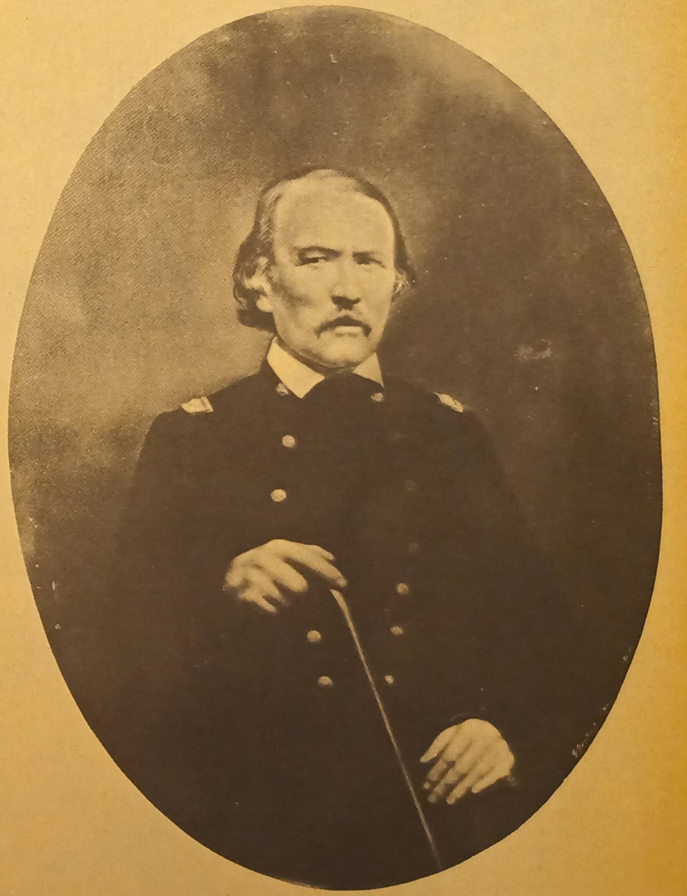
Seattle, Washington.

In this manner the insurance company revealed who actually owned the hotel that Drannan claimed he had purchased. But it would look much better in a book to have owned a $16,000 hotel than to have owned a basement restaurant. It seemed that Drannan needed a reason to show why he was short of funds, and the hotel story plus the fire supplied a good reason for his purposes. But in this hotel investigation, it was verified that Drannan actually did go to Seattle, as he said, and he did buy something connected to a hotel, but did not quite get the hotel itself. The story was a partial truth, but the partial portion pointed the wrong way.

IN AN ATTEMPT to learn something of Drannan's last days, I wrote Rhodes & McClure Publishing Company in Chicago. The letter was returned marked, "Addressee Unknown." After several months of search I learned that the publishing company had changed hands in 1913.

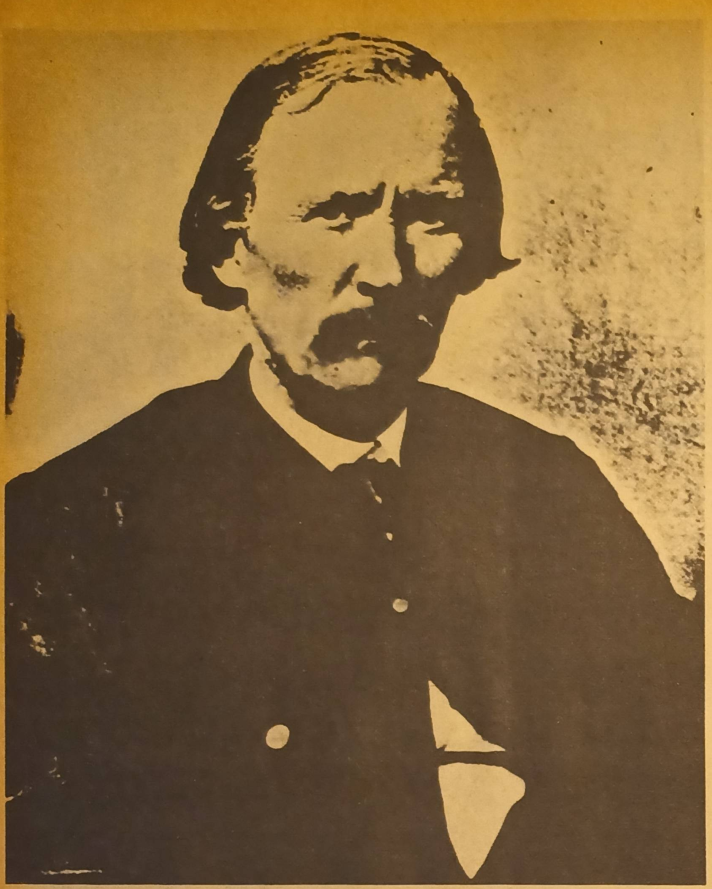
The successor of Rhodes & McClure Company kindly wrote a most useful letter. Concerning Drannan, the writer stated: "I have visited his grave in Mineral Wells, Texas. He is buried in a little cemetery in the eastern edge of the city. At his grave there is a monument about four feet high."

This latter publisher further stated that he used to visit Mineral Wells years



Portrait by G. Grelling of Kit Carson when the latter was a colonel in the army.

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library



Courtesy Taos Chamber of Commerce

The famous scout, Kit Carson—his last photograph, in 1868, taken at Washington, D.C., when Carson was there with a group of Indians to negotiate a treaty.

before, and on different occasions saw Drannan on the streets offering his books for sale. He also stated that more than one hundred editions of *Thirty-one Years* . . . had been published.

The city in which Drannan spent his last days was now discovered, and his tombstone located. The Librarian of Mineral Wells, Mrs. Bess Woodruff, responded with the following: "Capt. Wm. F. Drannan died in Mineral Wells in 1913 and is buried here in Elmwood Cemetery. He is buried beside a man whose life he once saved. This man gave the lot for the Captain's resting place and at the head of the grave there is an appropriate marker. His second wife, who survived him by several years, I knew. We were members of the same church and I recall hearing her tell interesting things about her husband and his work. . . . Capt. Drannan was always spoken of here as the foster son of Kit Carson."

Mrs. Woodruff's letter resulted in several useful avenues of information. She furnished the name of a gentleman living in Mineral Wells, Rev. Seba Kirkpatrick, who also had become interested in Drannan. She also requested the Mineral Wells *Index*, the local newspaper, to publish a notice requesting information about Wm. F. Drannan, which request obtained excellent results. Mrs. Woodruff wrote further on another occasion:

"W. P. Cameron, Editor of the *Index*, our daily paper, and Ben F. Yeager, President of the State National Bank, are among the people who recall Capt. Drannan very distinctly. Both spoke of him as a very individual looking person who wore long hair and dressed in an old scout uniform and who sat around on the streets and sold his book. According to them no one took him nor his book very seriously. The person, however, who recalled him with real enthusiasm and who gave me interesting information was a Mr. Goodbar, a former barber who now handles real estate. Mr. Goodbar's interest in Capt. Drannan dates back to an early reading of his book. Here in the spring of 1911, Mr. Goodbar said, he saw the original of the picture on the flyleaf of his favorite book, sitting on the sidewalk on Oak Street with copies of that book beside him. The Captain had come here from Fort Worth to be with a Mr. Hyde, the R. W. Hyde whose life he had saved years before. He lived, while here, with Mr. Hyde at the Hyde cottage . . . Capt. Drannan spent much of his time, after meeting Mr. Goodbar, in the Crazy Barber Shop where they shaved him just for the pleasure of his company, but he would never let anyone cut his hair. Capt. Drannan died in 1913, and Mr. Hyde in 1914. The cemetery lot, its upkeep and the monument were provided by Mr. Hyde. Mrs. Drannan was here at different times until 1918. She usually stayed at the home of Mrs. W. S. McCutcheon who passed away several years ago. I recall hearing a friend of mine, who visited at the McCutcheon home at the same time that Mrs. Drannan did in 1917, say that Mrs. Drannan spoke most affectionately of her late husband and that she seemed to have held him in high esteem. . . . Mr. E. V. O'Neal and Mr. Ernest McKinney each remember that Capt. Drannan died here and each remember the close association of Capt. Drannan and Mr. Hyde, and thought that both of them had been scouts and that both had known Buffalo Bill . . . . As I have understood Capt. Drannan's character from talking with different parties, he was a reticent, refined sort of person."

Herein Mrs. Woodruff probably accurately portrayed Drannan as he had made himself known to the average person in Mineral Wells. She further stated that, as a young lady, she had seen Drannan in person on the streets of Mineral Wells and that he was generally carrying a few of his books which he offered for sale.

J. W. GOODBAR proved to be an excellent source of information and wrote a very revealing portrait of Drannan:

"It has been some 36 years since I happened to come into contact with him, so I am not able to remember all that I did learn about him. Now about just how he saved the life of Mr. Hyde, that is another phase of his life that I have forgotten all about; at this writing I cannot even remember anything at all in connection with the incident. Now, I did get quite well acquainted with Capt. Drannan. It all happened in this way. I had been living in Cordell, Oklahoma, and happened to come in possession of one of his books entitled *Thirty-one Years* . . . [about] hunting, scouting, and fighting Indians. I became very interested in the book.

"Later I moved to Mineral Wells. That was in 1908. Then in 1911 I owned and operated the Barber Shop in the Crazy Hotel here in Mineral Wells. In the spring of 1911 I was walking from the hotel down town and noticed an old man, long hair and scout suit on, sitting on the street with a lot of books stacked by his side. I stopped and looked at him and noticed that he was selling the book that I had read in Oklahoma. I said to him, 'He was quite a character, that boy Drannan, wasn't he?'

(Continued on page 38)

Double Shooting in Hays

Soldiering—what are the statistics on monotony? A ride into town for a little fun—the clink of a glass—then taps...

By JOSEPH W. SNELL

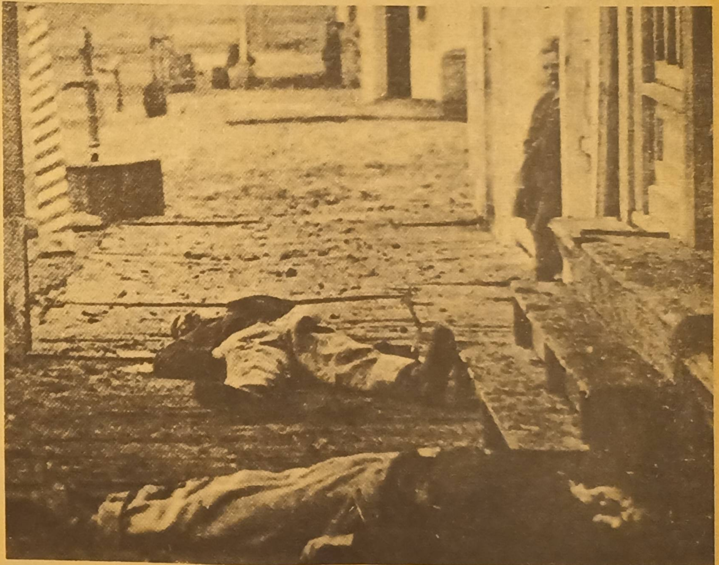
Photos Courtesy Author

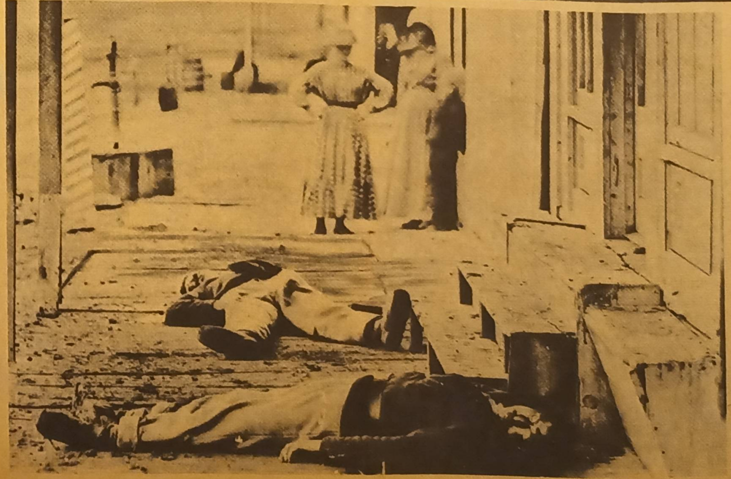
FOUR YEARS had gone by since Sheriff James Butler "Wild Bill" Hickok had patrolled Hays, Kansas' rowdy streets. Activity at nearby Fort Hays had diminished since the battleground between white and red men had moved on west. Custer's Seventh Cavalry no longer camped on the outskirts of the post. Yet occasionally, especially on army paydays, Hays for a short period returned to the rough and tumble days of the late 1860s. Soldiers from the Sixth Cavalry and Third Infantry would pour into town to spend their money—and sometimes their lives.

When morning dawned on Saturday, September 6, 1873, two soldiers lay dead at the door of a local dance hall. Friday had been payday, but September 5 had passed so quietly the residents of Hays congratulated themselves on their good fortune. That night the saloons and dance halls eventually closed, the troops returned to their barracks and tents, and the townspeople turned in for a well earned snooze.

But peace was to be short-lived. About 2:30 Saturday morning W. J. Wood, a photographer whose studio was next to one of the dance halls, was awakened by angry voices outside his shop. In spite of himself Wood's attention was drawn to the argument and his interest became intense when one of the voices exclaimed, "Oh, don't hurt me!" Suddenly three or four shots (Wood later couldn't remember exactly how many) were fired; then all was stillness.

Wood threw open the front door. The sight that met his eyes was ghastly. There, barely visible in the dark, two soldiers lay on the wooden sidewalk in front of the dance hall, their heads nearly blown off.





Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

These two pictures are of Privates Sumner and Welsh, killed in Hays, September 6, 1873. Several photos were taken, but these are the only known ones still existing.

A crowd soon gathered, summoned either by Wood's alert or the sound of the shots. The soldiers were recognized as Pvt. George H. Sumner, twenty-three, and Pvt. Peter Welsh, also twenty-three, and both assigned to Company L, Sixth Cavalry. Welsh had been shot in the mouth and Sumner received one bullet through the front of the collar bone and another in his temple. Both soldiers had died instantly.

(Continued on page 72)

Frontier Legend

(Continued from page 36)

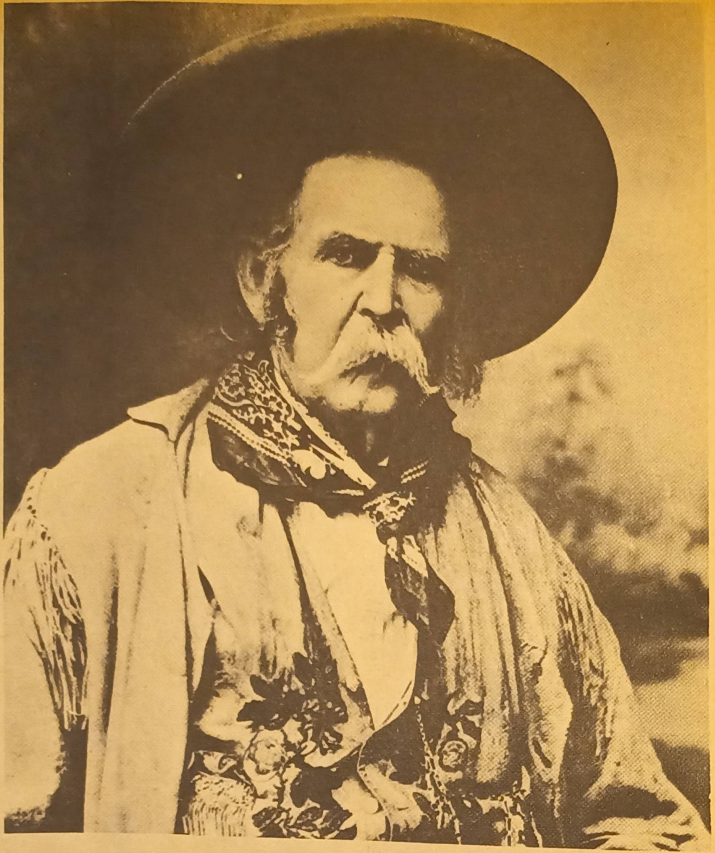
"He said, 'Well, I am that boy.'

"That interested me very much so he and I became very well acquainted. Then I invited him to come to the Barber Shop at the Crazy Hotel. He came in often. I found out that he was in hard financial condition, so I gave him all his shaves free of charge. He would not have his hair cut and I did not blame him. He told me that he was staying with a friend here in Mineral Wells and said it was Mr. Hyde. He did not tell me under what conditions he was staying with Mr. Hyde, but through different channels, I learned that he had once saved the life of Mr. Hyde and did hear in some way how it all happened, but I just don't remember.

"Mr. Drannan stayed here a while, then left and went to Fort Worth. I later saw him on the streets of Fort Worth and talked to him, and he told me he was coming back to Mineral Wells, and he did . . . . He was a man that did not talk much; you had to gain his confidence to get anything out of him. That was the way I used in trying to get all the information out of him about his life; by inviting him to my shop and giving him his barber work or shaves, and doing little things or favors for him so that I would gain as much of his confidence as possible, and also I naturally felt a desire to help the old fellow any way I could as I had learned that all his life savings was gone, and what little he received from the sale of his books and what little charity the public gave him was all that he had.

"But with all my efforts I did not get much out of him. He would answer anything I asked him but would not go into details. Many times I would think of some instance that I had read about in his book, and I would ask him to tell me all about just how it happened, but I never did get him to commit himself in full details . . . . He sometimes would say that, 'the book is a little wrong on that' or 'it is exaggerated' and so on. The old man spent many hours sitting around my barber shop. As he always attracted attention with his long hair and scout suit on, and people were always gazing on him and asking who he was, he finally stopped coming and sitting around. I always considered that he began to notice how folks would gaze at him, and after he was out I would have many to ask who he was, but at that time it did not seem that many people had ever heard of him.

"He was quite a fine character, in my opinion. I liked him very much as he was very modest and not boastful or inclined to be inquisitive or meddlesome. Yet he was friendly, and seemed to appreciate getting acquainted, but anyone getting acquainted with him had to do most of the talking, but I did notice that at times when people seemed to want to get familiar with him he would refrain from giving them much attention, unless it was some one that he well knew, or that had already gained his confidence. In other words, he just did not fall too much for strangers. That is why I had to feel my way with him and get his confidence before I could accomplish anything at all, then did not get much.



Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Bill Drannan, outfitted in his buckskin suit.

"He once had a wife, and I am not sure that it was not his wife that wrote that book, but I am not confirming this.

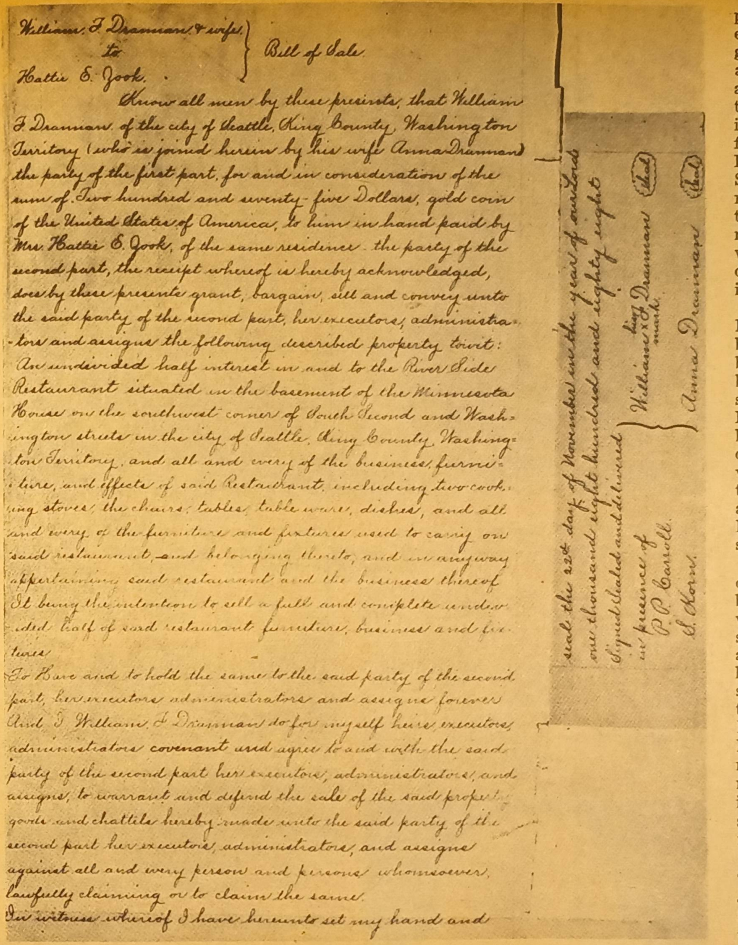
"Now I have racked my brain to try to think of some one that could give you more information about this old man than I can, but I just don't think of any, as the most of the old timers that lived here then that would perhaps be likely to know anything, are dead. However, I am glad to give you all that I know."

Mr. Goodbar's letter, together with that of Mrs. Woodruff, lifted the haze of obscurity from the character of Drannan and showed him to have a likeable, congenial personality. Also, to give all credit to Drannan due him, he showed some resentment toward overstatement in his book in his replies to Mr. Goodbar, by his remarks that the book could be a "little wrong" or "exaggerated."

THE reference to the Crazy Barber Shop in the Crazy Hotel may require some explanation. During the period of time in which the Mineral Wells vicinity was first settled, a medical water was discovered by some pioneer while digging a well. This was on the site over which the town of Mineral Wells was later built. The water was commercialized and was known as Crazy Water. In Mineral Wells a hotel was built and named the Crazy Hotel and in the hotel was located the Crazy Barber Shop. Mr. Goodbar operated this barber shop in the old days, and in this shop Mr. Drannan passed a part of his time and received his shaves gratis.

Another reference recommended by the Mineral Wells librarian was the Rev. Seba Kirkpatrick. It seemed that this gentleman, who had already become interested in Drannan before being contacted, would have some interesting facts to present. He was living in Mineral Wells. The Rev. Kirkpatrick reported surprising information. The general attitude and style of Drannan's books were explained by the material which had been given him years before and which he relayed in May, 1948. He wrote:

"Your letter came yesterday. In reference to Capt. Drannan, I will say—I found his widow one cold winter day living in an old tumble down house. She was sick—and I was hunting up the poor and the sick. She was 85 years old and nearly deaf. She was highly educated and a typical New England Yankee. I found her most interesting. She was responsible for both the books you mentioned as Drannan had no education. She married him in the far west after his work with the Government had ended. He owned a hotel in Seattle, Washington, which burned with all his valuable Indian relics. She wrote his books and they traveled together and sold them, and he gave his Indian stories and took collections for a livelihood. His widow had married again and her second husband was also dead . . . . Drannan died in Mineral Wells in 1913. It states on his tomb that he was a Texas Ranger . . . ."



William F. Drannan & wife
to
Hattie E. Jook. } Bill of Sale

Know all men by these presents, that William F. Drannan of the city of Seattle, King County, Washington Territory (who is joined herein by his wife Anna Drannan) the party of the first part, for and in consideration of the sum of Two hundred and seventy-five Dollars, gold coin of the United States of America, to him in hand paid by Mrs. Hattie E. Jook, of the same residence the party of the second part, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, does by these presents grant, bargain, sell and convey unto the said party of the second part, her executors, administrators and assigns the following described property to wit: An undivided half interest in and to the River Side Restaurant situated in the basement of the Minnesota House on the southwest corner of South Second and Washington streets in the city of Seattle, King County, Washington Territory, and all and every of the business, furniture, and effects of said Restaurant, including two cooking stoves, the chairs, tables, table ware, dishes, and all and every of the furniture and fixtures used to carry on said restaurant, and belonging thereto, and in anyway appertaining said restaurant and the business thereof It being the intention to sell a full and complete undivided half of said restaurant furniture, business and fixtures

To Have and to hold the same to the said party of the second part, her executors administrators and assigns forever And I William F Drannan do for myself heirs, executors, administrators covenant and agree to and with the said party of the second part her executors, administrators, and assigns, to warrant and defend the sale of the said property goods and chattels hereby made unto the said party of the second part her executors, administrators, and assigns against all and every person and persons whomsoever, lawfully claiming or to claim the same.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal the 22d day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty eight.

Signed Sealed and delivered in presence of
P. P. Carroll.
S. Horn.

William F. his x mark Drannan (Seal)
Anna Drannan (Seal)

Photo from Frontier Legend

Copy of Drannan bill-of-sale of one-half interest in restaurant in Seattle, Washington, 1888.

HERE was suddenly explained how Drannan's books came into existence. He had reached a point in life where he needed to provide a living; therefore, he and his wife agreed to produce a book. Since Drannan was uneducated, he could write no book. But with an educated wife and his alleged experiences a book was possible. Apparently they had combined their resources and produced the resulting narratives.

In a personal interview the Rev. Kirkpatrick stated that he had been the Methodist Minister at Gorman, Texas, in the year 1928 and later. In that year he accidentally found the widow of Drannan in Gorman. She was ill and in want when Kirkpatrick found her. She had married again in about 1918 to a Mr. W. L. Brown, whose home was in Gorman. This Mr. Brown died in 1925.

Mrs. Drannan-Brown told Rev. Kirkpatrick about Drannan and his alleged experiences with Kit Carson and that group of mountain men. She showed him a copy of the book, *Thirty-one Years . . .* and permitted him to read it, but he had to go repeatedly to her home to complete it as she would not let the book be taken from her possession. She was born back East and appeared to be well educated. She had met Drannan out West and married him. She made it a point to mention that while married to Drannan she had made him a scout's suit from buckskin which he frequently wore, and after his death it was placed in the state museum in Denver, Colorado.

Rev. Kirkpatrick stated that Mrs. Drannan-Brown had the appearance of being sincere and enthusiastic about the books she and Drannan had produced and he had no reason to doubt any of her statements. She informed him that since Drannan was entirely uneducated, she had written the books from the dictation of Drannan. Later she and Drannan traveled and lectured—or rather Drannan told his stories—and they sold his books and took up collections at such meetings. In this way they made their living for some years.

At Elmwood Cemetery the gravestones of Drannan and Hyde were pointed out by Kirkpatrick. They were both enclosed within the same concrete curbing and he stated that the reason for the enclosure around the two stones was because Hyde had provided the burial place and the stone for Drannan on account of the fact that years before, out on the frontier, Drannan had saved the life of Mr. Hyde. It was the same story that came from many other sources. Kirkpatrick later met an old man who had known Drannan in person who recalled that Drannan saved Hyde in an Indian fight, but he did not recall any further details.

On the headstone of Drannan is stated: "In Memory of Capt. Wm. F. Drannan—January 30, 1832—April 23, 1913. U. S. Scout of the Indian War of the Northwest and a Texas Ranger."

On the headstone of Hyde is stated: "R. W. Hyde—November 22, 1840—April 18, 1914—His Good Deeds Live."

Several months later the Rev. Kirkpatrick relayed another interesting bit of information:

"I found Bill Lewis from Arizona this week. He was visiting relatives here. He knew Drannan in Deming, New Mexico, in 1907 and after. Drannan made frequent visits to Deming. He told of Jim Upton, a prominent cowman of that period. Upton said that Buffalo Bill brought his Wild West show to Deming in 1912. Upton saw Drannan meet Buffalo Bill at the train and they hugged each other in greeting. They had fought Indians together. The next day Buffalo Bill put Drannan on his Deadwood Stage as guest of honor and paraded the town. Bill Lewis left Mineral Wells in 1902 and has been in the west since that time."

Apparently this man, Drannan, could make friends and hold them. He claimed in his book, *Thirty-one Years . . .*, that he was acquainted with Buffalo Bill in the earlier years and related the circumstances. Upton's description of the meeting in Deming seemed to confirm the acquaintance. Ring up credit for Drannan.

The Rev. Kirkpatrick had located Mrs. Drannan-Brown in Gorman, Texas. Search for the Browns in that town among the businessmen did not reveal much information, except that one suggested that a certain "Buckshot" Brown be located and questioned. Buckshot was located by his stepson and he turned out to be W. B. Brown and stated that Mrs. Drannan had been his stepmother. They had lived at Gorman. Mr. Brown, a man of seventy-five, said that he was not living at Gorman at the time Mrs. Drannan-Brown had lived there and he did not have much information about her. His younger sister, Mrs. Early Hall of Woodson, Texas, had taken care of Mrs. Drannan-Brown during the last seven years of her life and could furnish more information about the stepmother than anyone.

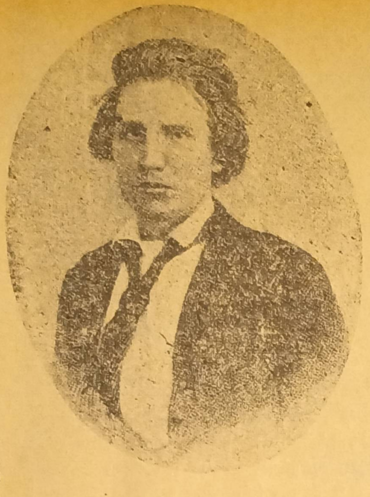
Mrs. Hall stated that her father, W. L. Brown, married Mrs. Drannan at Weatherford about 1917, and this was Mrs. Drannan's third marriage. She was born in 1850. Her first name was Belle. Mrs. Hall confirmed that the Drannans made their living by going about selling the book, *Thirty-one Years . . .* and by giving marksmanship exhibitions. She said also that the Drannans wrote a play but it was never published, and that it was in the hands of her daughter who lived in the Texas Panhandle.

Mrs. Drannan-Brown had always expressed a great respect for Drannan, saying that he always kept his word to her. The Drannans worked around Albuquerque, New Mexico, and at Amarillo, Hereford, and other towns in that general vicinity of Texas.

Mrs. Drannan-Brown was ill during 1928 and 1929. It was in 1929 that Mrs. Hall went to Gorman and took the stepmother to live in her home in Moore County, not far from Dumas. She cared for Mrs. Drannan-Brown for seven years. By this time Mrs. Drannan was old and feeble and her mind wandered back to former years and she liked to discuss those times. She spoke often of Drannan and frequently made mention of incidents in his books, which she had written, and discussed them in a familiar manner. Those incidents, perhaps, had become very real to her. She had pictures, souvenirs, and guns which had belonged to Drannan. At her death on October 9, 1937 she was buried in Palo Duro Cemetery in Moore County, Texas.

APPARENTLY Drannan was a good shot. W. B. Brown stated that he saw one of Drannan's exhibitions in Waco, Texas, in 1911 or thereabout. The exhibition was given in a street and at the end of the affair Drannan took up a collection. Revolvers were used. He also exhibited his scars received in Indian fights.

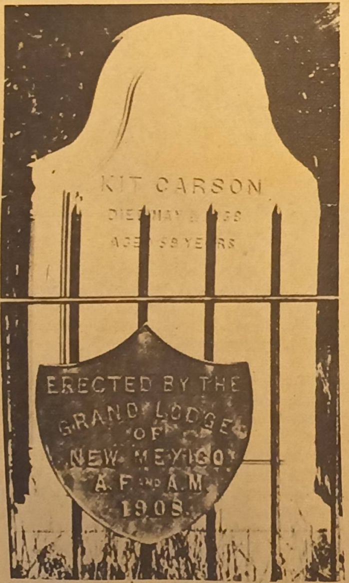
O. R. Hyde, son of R. W. Hyde of Mineral Wells, replied to my inquiry as to how, when, and where Drannan saved the life of his father as follows:



Kit Carson

"I do not know. There evidently was a reason why my father was interested in Drannan because, when I related the story of his book to my father, he asked me to send Drannan to him if I ever ran across him."

As to why Drannan moved to Mineral Wells in the spring of 1911, O. R. Hyde explained: "My father saw in a Fort Worth paper where Drannan had asked for relief, so he had Drannan and his wife brought to Mineral Wells where he could take care of them."



Courtesy Western History Collections
University of Oklahoma Library

Grave of Kit Carson, Taos, New Mexico.

In this manner it was learned how Drannan was provided for during his last days, and how he came to be living with the Hyde family. Drannan had come a long way since the days when he fought the wild Indians on the western plains. He was now close to eighty and could no longer make his own living. His pride must have suffered intensely during those latter years, after he learned that his books would not provide him with a living.

O. R. Hyde said that his father and Drannan had met out west before 1880. He could not say definitely that Drannan and Carson had ever been acquainted, but did recall hearing his father mention Carson many times in connection with Drannan. He thought his father was acquainted with Carson because Carson was mentioned so often. O. R. Hyde had met Drannan on the streets of Fort Worth selling his books, where Drannan was living at that time. He continued to live there until the time of his move to Mineral Wells which seems to have been in the spring of 1911.

O. R. Hyde said his father was engaged in the cattle business when he first met Drannan, in the vicinity of Utah and Montana. He sometimes drove cattle from Texas to the Northwest, and also drove cattle from Utah and Montana to Iowa, arriving in Iowa in the fall of the year.

In reply to an inquiry as to whether Drannan or R. W. Hyde were ever engaged in scouting with wagontrains, or with troops, O. R. Hyde stated: "From what I can remember my father telling me, Drannan was with troops. However, my father drove wagontrains hauling freight from Nebraska City to Denver in an early day. I have heard my father say that he bought cattle around Salt Lake, and do know that he was in the cattle business in Montana, and I am under the impression that Drannan was with him at that time."

This information paralleled the narration in Drannan's book, *Thirty-one Years . . .* An incident was related, which, according to the narrative, happened in the year 1864. Drannan wrote: "During my stay in Salt Lake City there came in from Virginia City (Montana) a young man by the name of Richard Hyde, to buy cattle. Mr. Boone recommended him to me as being a fine young man and very shrewd for his age. After having a little acquaintance with him and he had told me of his business, also what profit there was in it, he and I formed a partnership for the purpose of buying cattle and driving them to Virginia City. We bought one hundred and ninety-two head of all sizes and by the help of two other men, we drove them through, losing only five head, which was considered good luck. We stopped about ten miles below town, and after setting a price on our cattle, I remained with them while Mr. Hyde went to look for buyers. We were well pleased with the result of our venture, and I am told Mr. Hyde kept the business up for several years until he had made an independent fortune, and I am told at this writing—that he is somewhere in Iowa doing a large banking business.

Photo from Frontier Legend

View of Elmwood Cemetery, Mineral Wells, Texas, showing Drannan's and Hyde's graves in foreground.

"As soon as the cattle were all delivered and we had settled up, Mr. Hyde and I struck for Salt Lake City, he to buy more cattle, and I on my way to California."

The above extract from Drannan's book was submitted to O. R. Hyde, and in reply to an inquiry as to whether he had ever heard his father mention this incident, he replied: "Yes, I believe this to be the case recalled."

Score one for Drannan.

SHORTLY after Rev. Kirkpatrick wrote stating that the headstone of Drannan indicated that he had been a Texas Ranger, the head office of the Texas Rangers was contacted for the purpose of verifying the statement. No record of Drannan was discovered.

To have intimation of membership in the Texas Ranger organization on Drannan's stone was pleasing to someone or it would not have been there. Perhaps Drannan himself liked the idea, or perhaps, since his wife had been his main advertising agent, the idea had come from Mrs. Drannan, who had written the idea into the second book, *Chief of Scouts*. At least it looked well on the stone.

AFTER Drannan moved to Mineral Wells he made trips to Fort Worth to sell his books. It seemed that he continued to try to sell them as long as he lived. Let no one suppose that Drannan was the type of person who imposed on friends, or that had no friends. He did have friends and they liked him. Many acquaintances interviewed recalled that he was often seen on the streets dressed in a scout suit, it being a method of attracting attention toward possible purchases of books. It is said that people did not pay much attention to him as he was just an ex-frontier man and such men were more or less common. He was feeble in his walking, squarely built, and always wore a coat.

All of those with whom Drannan was acquainted were unanimous in saying that he was a likable person, modest in nature, and courteous to all. The question arises then as to how such an agreeable person could write unauthentic books and claim them to be true.

The answer is—he did not mean for them to be historically accurate. He meant for them to contain as much of his life's experiences as he had to give, and then in addition, he had to write enough of something to build up a narrative that would be interesting enough to sell to the public in order to make a living. It seemed that his wife took what experiences he had to offer and then borrowed material enough from other biographies to fill out a salable narrative. She was educated and probably read many of the frontier histories and had the material at hand from which to choose the incidents suitable for the narrative she wrote in her husband's name. What she really wrote were books of fiction based on fact, and she gave credit for all the incidents mentioned to Drannan. This would have been all right had she written books that were represented to be fiction, but the preface of each book stated that the narrative therein was true.

It is not intended to intimate that Drannan himself was free of blame for all the claims made, for even if he did not write an incident that claimed another man's deed, he did know that it was included. But Drannan, like so many other men of his period and calling, was of the "show" type. He liked the glory of noble and brave deeds. He liked to see himself displayed in newspaper articles. He also liked the distinction of having had a book or two written about himself.

If he was on the plains as much as he claimed to have been, he could have caught this spirit from the Indians, many of whom were great boasters. Also, many of the plainsmen of his day with whom he must have necessarily associated were most probably of the boastful type. The Indians made much of counting their "coups." It was a regular duty with them, and it amounted to their method of transmitting their history to their posterity. The brave would go out and execute a brave deed, or one that he thought was brave, and then count coup on it. This counting coup consisted of impressing the deed upon his own memory with such firmness that he could retain it clearly in mind and repeat it to his fellow braves and to his squaw and children, and thereby impress them greatly with his prowess. The greater the number of coups he could store up and recount, the greater brave he was. The Indians would also repeat their deeds to the whites, and soon the whites were counting coups in order to keep up with their Indian acquaintances.

Kit Carson counted coups with his Indian friends. Counting coups was the regular thing among the mountain men and plainsmen of that period. But the Indian was at a great disadvantage in that business. It was the Indian rule that in order to count a bona fide coup, it had to be witnessed by two other Indians. The whites had no such handicap. They counted their own coups and used whatever coups they desired. By this system some whites accumulated a most marvelous store of coups of very select nature.

It was under this influence and in this spirit that the Drannan books were written. Drannan included other coups with his in order to make his story long enough. But his reason was insecurity and probably hunger. On that account he can be forgiven for everything except the statements in the prefaces.

Time ended for Drannan in 1913. He died on April 23. The Mineral Wells *Index* issued the following notice of his death: "Capt. Wm. F. Drannan died at his home, 512 West Reynolds Street. The funeral will be at the residence at 10:30 AM tomorrow, conducted by Rev. C. R. Crittenden of Weatherford, after which the remains will be buried at the Elmo." "Elmo" was the local expression used to indicate the Elmwood Cemetery.

Almost exactly a year later, on April 18, 1914, Mr. Hyde died. He had one thing more to do—he provided Drannan with a friendly companion throughout all eternity by causing himself to be buried by his side. And there they rest today; both gravestones side by side and enclosed within the same concrete curbing. Mr. Hyde had now done all he could to repay Drannan for any previous possible favor.

Drannan is not the only character who has made fictitious claims to an associa-

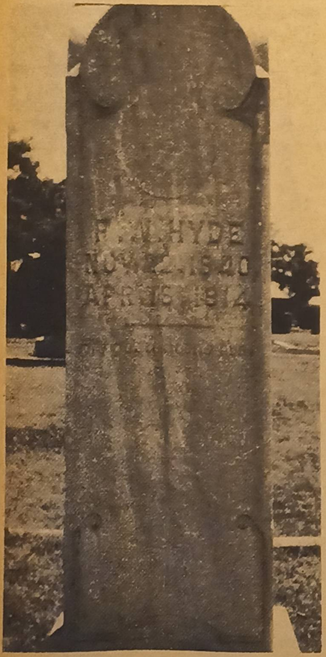
KIT CARSON HOUSE

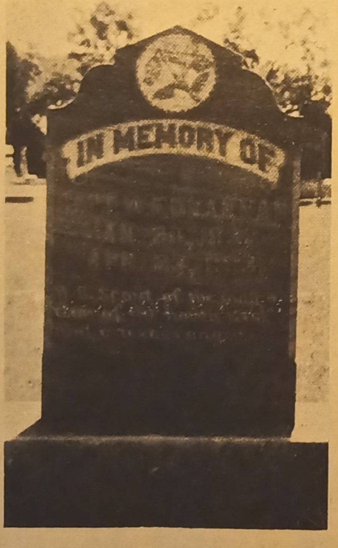
Kit Carson Home and Museum in Taos, New Mexico.

Courtesy Taos Chamber of Commerce

tion with the famous frontier hero, Carson. A number of others have written books and articles in which claims were made to an association with Carson, but proof is lacking and their narratives are not considered authentic.

Carson started out as an apprentice to a saddle maker in Franklin, Missouri, and at the end of his life he had the rank of a Brevet General. He did not do so badly. His integrity and reputation were such, and he was so well respected and liked by all, that it was only natural for many of the men of the frontier to want to claim acquaintance or an association with him. And this, many of them unrighteously did. But they gained little by it, and they are all in the happy hunting grounds now where coups are worthless. Peace be to all of them.




IN MEMORY OF

Photos from **Frontier Legend**

At left is close-up of Hyde's headstone. Above is Drannan's headstone.

LAST LETTER WRITTEN BY KIT CARSON

Addressee was Aloys Scheurich

Mouth of Purgatoire River
May 5th, 1868

Dear Compadre:

I have received your letter and it has been a satisfaction to me to hear that you are all well. I arrived here on the 11th of last month, sick and worn out, but began to improve from that time and would be comparatively healthy if the misfortune, losing my wife hadn't happened. Those were trying days for me. My health is improving now and I am very apt to be on the other side of the mountains by the end of this month; it is almost necessary for me to go, as much on account of business as for the sake of my health, to avoid the heat during the summer months.

You have had before this the particulars of my wife's death and I need not repeat them here. My children are all well.

We are farming as much as can be done without going to any great expense. I had a ditch taken out and everything works well in that respect. I intended to build me a house, but as I apprehend some trouble about our land, I decided to wait until matters are settled.

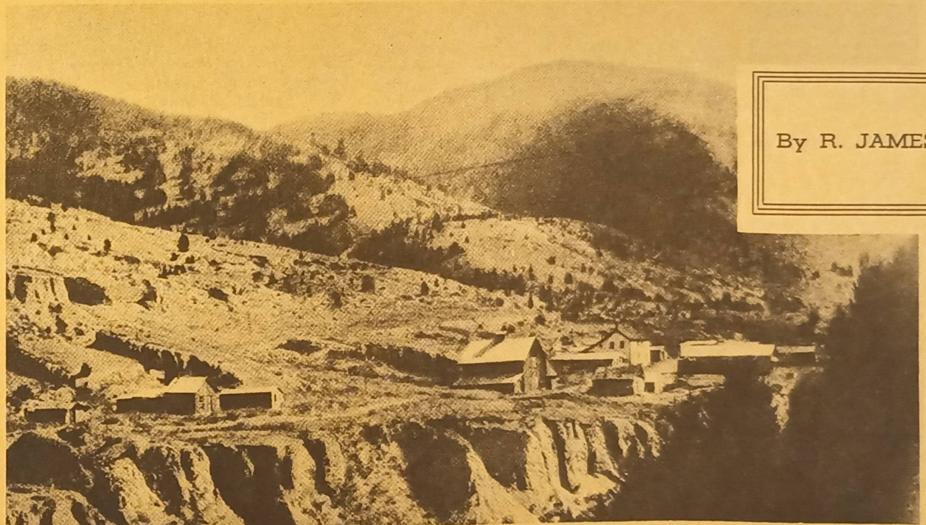
Now I have told you of my intentions and prospects, I expect you will appreciate the interest I am taking in you and yours and let me know what your calculations are for the future.

(Continued on page 52)

He lived off credit all winter and paid off in gold every spring. But he lived alone and he died alone and nobody knows the site of

ALMENZO YERDON'S DEEP-FREEZE BANK

By R. JAMES MATTHEW



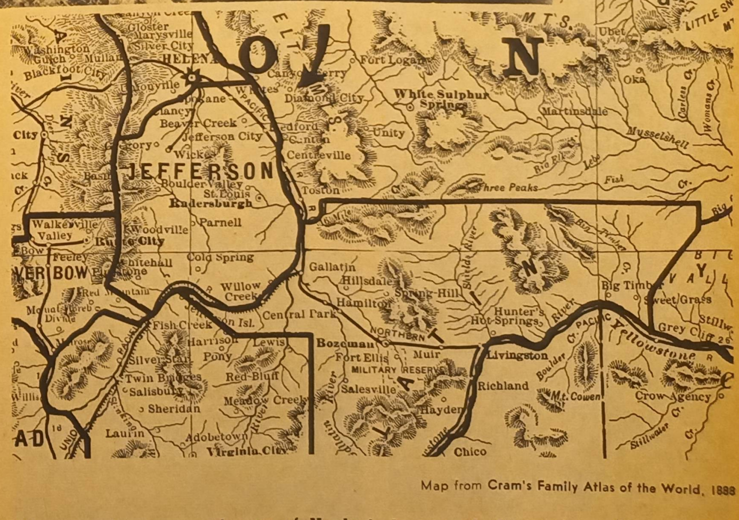
Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Diamond City, Montana

ALMENZO Yerdon perished as the result of a mysterious fire in his cabin in Meagher County, Montana, December 31, 1918. He died a virtual hermit—a recluse who took to his grave the secret of his hidden cache of more than fifty years of work as a miner. A hoard of more than $100,000 in $20 gold pieces is a good estimate. Yerdon hit Montana Territory during the heyday of Diamond City.

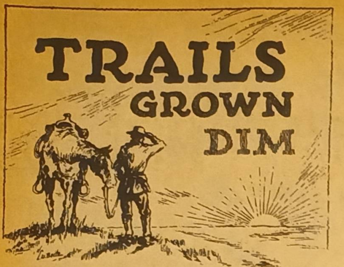
Diamond City, located in Confederate Gulch south of Helena, on the Missouri River, was discovered in 1864 by placer miners who came from Idaho and California. Confederate was the head of fourteen different gulches and its diggin's paid from $180 to $1,000 a pan, grass roots to 300 foot bedrock. The first cleanup in the Gulch netted one and a quarter tons of gold with a value of $900,000. It was taken out by four men in a short

(Continued on page 58)


Helena
Diamond City
White Sulphur Springs
Fort Logan
Martinsdale
Unity
Jefferson City
Boulder Valley
Radersburgh
Centreville
Toston
JEFFERSON
Three Peaks
Gallatin
Hillsdale
Hamilton
Central Park
Bozeman
Fort Ellis
Livingston
Hunter's Hot Springs
Big Timber
Sweet Grass
Muir
Salesville
Hayden
Richland
Chico
Mt. Cowen
Crow Agency
Yellowstone
Virginia City
Sheridan
Twin Bridges
Silver Star
Laurin
Pony
Red Bluff
Meadow Creek
Harrison
Willow Creek
Fish Creek
Parnell
Woodville
Walkerville
Butte City
Feeley
Philbrook
Trout Creek
Brassey

Map from Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1888

This map shows general area of Yerdon's homestead. Arrow shows Diamond City.



TRAILS GROWN DIM

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Hounsel-Whited

I would like to locate a J. N. Hounsel who is in California. He used to live in Cove, Arkansas. He should be around fifty-five. I have two good family group pictures he or some of his family might like to have.

I am part Cherokee Indian and am wondering if some reader, perhaps a descendant of Isaac Bynum, could tell me if he (a Welshman) married a Cherokee or if Rebecca Bynum married a Cherokee named George Glover? Was Lula Jack an Indian? She married Dr. Wm. Wadsworth, and their daughter Nancy in 1854 married John Whited, born 1830. Nancy and John were my great-grandparents. Whited was of English blood; his father, James, was a full-blood Englishman. James Whited married Cynthia Glover, Rebecca and George Glover's daughter.

John's brother, Wright, took the Whitehead name back as it originally was. The Indians had shortened it to Whited.—Sadie Whited Terry, c/o Minnie Smedley, Vandervoort, Arkansas 71972

Phillips

I would like information about the family of my great uncle John William Phillips. He came to Texas from Weakley County, Tennessee in 1859 with his sister, Ann Phillips Hamilton, and his brother, Jackson Marion Phillips. In 1861 he and his brother enlisted in the Confederate Army, Company "C," Texas Cavalry, and served until the end of the war. Jackson Marion Phillips was killed by Indians in 1876. John William Phillips when last heard from in 1907, lived in Dripping Springs, Texas.—Ethel Phillips Smith, Box 99, Medina, Texas 78055

Devor-Bordon

Any information concerning the following families and any of their relatives on either side will be appreciated. Arnold P. Devor, born November 17, 1835, married Elsie Ann Bordon, born January 1, 1840; Lewis Bordon, born 1852 married Anna, born 1861; Henry Broadwater, married Livia Ball, born January 13, 1831; Lidia M. Mills, born April 19, 1851, married Thomas Wilson Wray, born about 1849; Alexander Zion, born October 17, 1825, married Emoline Thompson, born November 30, 1830; Casper Ott, born July 13, 1855 in Bern, Switzerland, married Margaret Weissenfluh, born January 10, 1856 in Bern, Switzerland; William Llwellyn Jones born October 10, 1852 in Phanty Waun, Wales, married Catherine Thomas, born January 20, 1854 in Dowlos, Wales.—Mike Zion, 1431 South 6th Avenue, Arcadia, California 91006

Blankinship

I am searching for Alice Blankinship whose last known address was St. Louis, Missouri. Her father, Charles Cuno, died July 7, 1970.—Evelyn Cuno, 1107 Franklin, Centralia, Illinois 62801

Lewis

My great-great-grandfather, Iddings Lewis, was born in Pennsylvania in 1815 and came to Jasper County, Missouri before 1840. He married and lived here until his death in 1853. His oldest son, Jacob, fought in the Civil War, Union side.

We have no knowledge of brothers or sisters of Iddings or his parents' names because he evidently came to this country alone. He may have been given his mother's maiden name and possibly someone named Iddings would have some information on this.—Earl Lewis, P. O. Box 348, Alba, Missouri 64830

Gayle

We would like to hear from any relatives of William (Bill) Gayle, my great-uncle. The last we knew he lived somewhere in Texas. He did have children as he lost one boy in World War I. He also had one boy named Albert. We know he had a sister, Nancy Rebecca, who married William Rolland Lewis in Carthage, Missouri September 1879; also had a sister, name unknown.—Viola Lewis, Route 3, Carthage, Missouri 64836

Baldwin

Elisha Emory Baldwin was born October 5, 1837 in Indiana. We do not know where in Indiana but understand that Elisha had at least one brother, John, and maybe more brothers and sisters. All we know of the family is that at the age of seven, Elisha's parents were killed and he went to live with an uncle in Indiana.

We do know that one Baldwin along the line married a Cherokee woman. Would appreciate information on the Baldwin family.

Elisha married Amanda Melvina (Melinda) George, born January 13, 1841 in Kentucky. They were married January 13, 1856. When their third oldest child, John Lewis, was six weeks old, they left Centralia, Illinois in a covered wagon. They stopped in Julesburg, Colorado, then came to Gomer Mill near Elbert, Colorado and finally homesteaded east of Elbert. They had nine children—Amos, born January 26, 1858; Dennis R., born January 10, 1862; John Lewis, born March 30, 1864; Matilda Ellen, born July 4, 1865; Phoebe Jane, born July 15, 1868; Mary Emma, born January 30, 1871; Violet May, born April 15, 1873; and William Croft. William and one other boy, whose name is unknown, died young and little is known about them. John Lewis, as a young man, might have herded cattle on the ground where the Colorado state capitol now stands.—Mrs. Eva Robertson, R. R. 2, Box 182-C, Glenwood Springs, Colorado 81601

Sims - Smith - Berry

My Great-aunt Evie married Jim Sims. Their children were Margaret Ann, George, Susie, Mark, Ed, Bithy (I think he had a twin), Alton and Alvie (twins), Mary Bell and Odie.

She had a brother, Adam—Adam and Evie were half brother and sister to Ellen Smith, born October 14, 1886 and died February 1, 1918. Ellen never married.

Elizabeth (Betty) William Smith married M. D. W. West. Betty Smith married Derris West. Mark Smith (my grandfather) was born in Tennessee in 1843 and died in 1920 in Ellis County, Texas.

Grandmother Nancy Jane Berry Smith was born in 1850 and died in 1913. A brother, Jim Berry, married twice, first to Winnie ——— and second to Emmer or Emma—————. Jim had a daughter, Sarah Berry.

My grandparents lived in Bosque or McLennan County, Texas and in 1905 moved to Runnels County, Texas. Great-grandfather—Milas Smith, great-great-grandfather—Calvin Smith. At one time the name was spelled Smidt or Schmidt.

Will appreciate hearing from anyone knowing of this family.—Mrs. Ophelia M. (Sue) Pope, 2625 S.E. White Oak Drive, Corvallis, Oregon 97330

Mead

I am seeking information regarding my great-grandfather, Jashish (or Josiah) Mead, and one of his sons, Lonny (Alonzo) Mead. Jashish Mead deserted his wife and children while they were quite young and nothing was heard from him until he grew old. The children were two sons, Lonny and Fayette, and four girls, Helen, Lucy, Emmaline and Anna, who was my grandmother. I believe the children were born in Michigan but moved to New York where three of the girls married Cusick brothers. Fayette was killed in the Civil War and Lonny moved either to Oregon or Washington.

Jashish was born around 1810 and died June 1, 1889. He was taken care of in his old age by Lonny for a time and then went to my grandmother's who was then

(Continued on page 64)

TWO BACHELORS and a LIGHTHOUSE

By AGNES M. PHARO

Photos Courtesy Author

You just never can tell when an off-course fleet will make its way up the arroyo!

STANDING on the banks of Big Sandy Creek in eastern Colorado, between the towns of Hugo and Wild Horse, is all that remains of Aroya, an "almost" ghost town with a total population of two. Its residents are Owen (Red) Moreland and Marvin Sargent. Both are bachelors.

Aroya took its name from the Spanish *arroyo*, a word meaning a deep gully which is cut through the prairies by heavy rains. Such waterways are usually dry except after a rainstorm. One such arroyo meanders through the town.

It's difficult to say exactly when Aroya was founded. The records may have been lost when the original town—located three miles west of the present site—was burned. Opinions vary as to the cause of the fire, but it was probably due to an Indian attack.

In 1870 Aroya had a population of thirty-five. By 1889 it had grown large enough to warrant the establishment of a post office, of which Joseph Dostal, a local cattleman, was appointed postmaster. Ten years later, a railroad depot was built. This was the end of the line for the Kansas Pacific (now the Union Pacific) Railway. Here eastbound travelers would transfer from stagecoach to train, while westbound passengers transferred from train to stage to continue their respective journeys.

Looking at the town today it's hard to believe that in its heyday Aroya City, as it was first called, was home to seventy-five families. It had a general store, a hotel, a restaurant and a dance hall. But unlike most frontier towns, it never did have a saloon!

Sober homesteaders who raised cattle made up the community. Aroya's stockyard was always busy. But as more settlers arrived with more cattle, it became harder to make a living. It is said there was a family on every section in the area and, occasionally, one on every half section. Sometimes even a quarter section was taken by a homesteader. Very few cattle could be raised on such small parcels of arid land, as they soon found out. So gradually the people began drifting away and Aroya started downhill. Other things, too, contributed to its demise. There were years of drought, then the dust bowl era, and the great depression. To make things worse Highway 40, which ran right through town, was relocated a mile or two to the north.

During World War II, many of Aroya's buildings were dismantled and hauled away to be used in areas where housing was badly needed. The depot was closed in 1948 and moved to Wild Horse, ten or so miles east. In 1962 the school closed its doors for the last time. Today, except for the homes of Moreland and Sargent, the few remaining buildings are crumbling. Latest to go was the old post office which burned in May 1970. It had been closed since 1963.

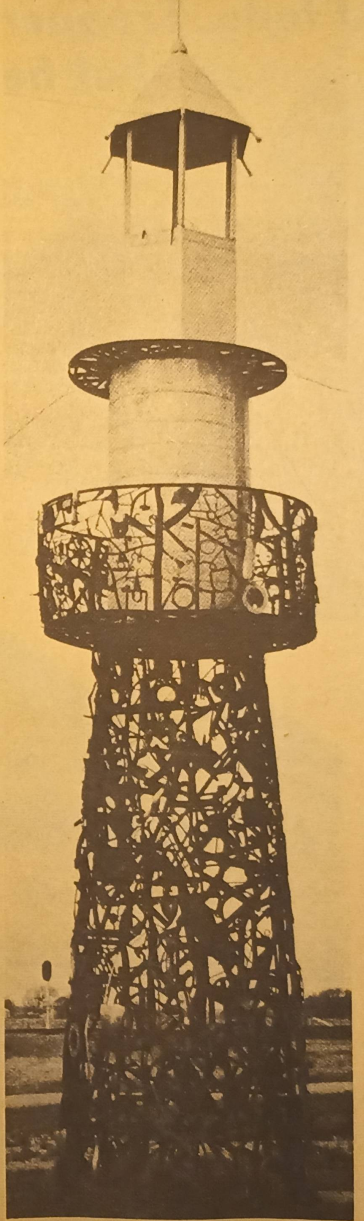
THE TWO remaining residents of Aroya are cheerful and independent, just as were the settlers of the early days. Marvin Sargent, a seventy-nine-year-old retired rancher, moved to town in 1951. He has a neat, three-room house, a flock of chickens, three goats and two dogs. And he says he means to live in Aroya "as long as the Lord will let me."

Red Moreland is a lifelong resident of the area, having been born in 1913 on a ranch one-half mile north of town. The Moreland family moved into town during the depression, and Red's father bought the W. M. Smith store there. He ran it under the Smith name, a name which can still be seen on the front today in letters large and clear.

Moreland worked on the local section of the railroad for a number of years. There he got the discarded ties that he used to build his house which stands on the spot once occupied by the old hotel. Later on he made a good living at the garage and filling station. Highway 40 was a graveled road, and fixing flats was big business.

During World War II, Moreland went to California where he got work in the shipyards and learned the welding trade. After returning to Aroya he started collecting scrap metal which he fashioned into art objects with his welding rod. Outstanding among his hundreds of welded "sculptures" is a thirty-five-foot-tall, Cape Cod lighthouse—without a light—which is the landmark of Aroya. It stands on a piece of crumbling sidewalk near his home at the corner of what was originally Railroad Avenue and Main Street.

(Continued on page 68)



Tribute to sea-farers in Aroya, Colorado.

Would a Fur Trading Man Know Gold?

Maybe a solitary mountain near the edge of the Black Hills holds an overlooked lode. Trapper Bordeaux always thought so—but he was no miner . . .

By MILDRED FIELDER

Photos Courtesy Author

"ON that mountain I saw a quartz lode with a gold vein through it that I could see with my naked eye," James Bordeaux told his daughter Susan.

"You are sure it was the mountain called Bear Butte?" she asked.

"Of course it was! The Indians named it Mato Paha, which means Bear Butte. It had lots of trees on it then, and black bears roamed over it. They named it for the bears. It stood by itself beyond the edge of the Black Hills."

Bordeaux and his friend Pete had been young men when the two had taken refuge on Bear Butte in 1836. They were employed by the American Fur Company and were assigned to take some mail, a small bundle of letters, from Fort Union on the far western border of what is now North Dakota to the American Fur Company stockade farther south, later known as Fort Laramie in Wyoming.

The land was primitive uncharted country, but the mountain men and trappers knew their way across it so well that they could travel at night unerringly. They could avoid Indian attacks by holing up in the daytime. Between Fort Union and Fort Laramie lay great numbers of Sioux and other tribes. The Mandans and Minatarees in the north were fairly friendly, but the Aricaras (known as Rees to the traders) were treacherous and hostile. The Cheyennes lived near the Black Hills, in western South Dakota.

Bordeaux and Pete walked, carrying only a small pack of food, a blanket, extra shoes and moccasins, a muzzle-loader and pistol for each, and the mail. Moving south from Fort Union, the Black Hills lay in their path, but they skirted east of the mountains with the intention of going around them and veering slightly west to reach their goal.

They were ready to pause for a day's rest when a band of Rees spotted them. Bordeaux and Pete ran toward the high butte which stood alone near the Black Hills, running for their lives with the Indians hot on their trail. They entered the thick woods of Bear Butte and began climbing toward the top.

Whenever they paused for breath or to reconnoiter they could see a glimpse of Indians below them, tracking them like hounds. The trappers kept going, always up the mountain. The sides became steep and difficult to climb. At last they reached a place of rocky overhangs.

"The Rees are still coming," Bordeaux said, pointing to one who appeared below them.

"I'll fix them," said Pete. He raised his muzzle-loader and fired at the Indian. They saw the Ree fall, but immediately there was another red man beside him with a drawn bow. As Pete turned to rejoin Bordeaux the second Indian let his arrow sing through the air. It struck Pete in the back. Bordeaux was with him instantly.

"Can you make it, Pete?"

"Keep going, Jim. I'm still with you," he gasped.

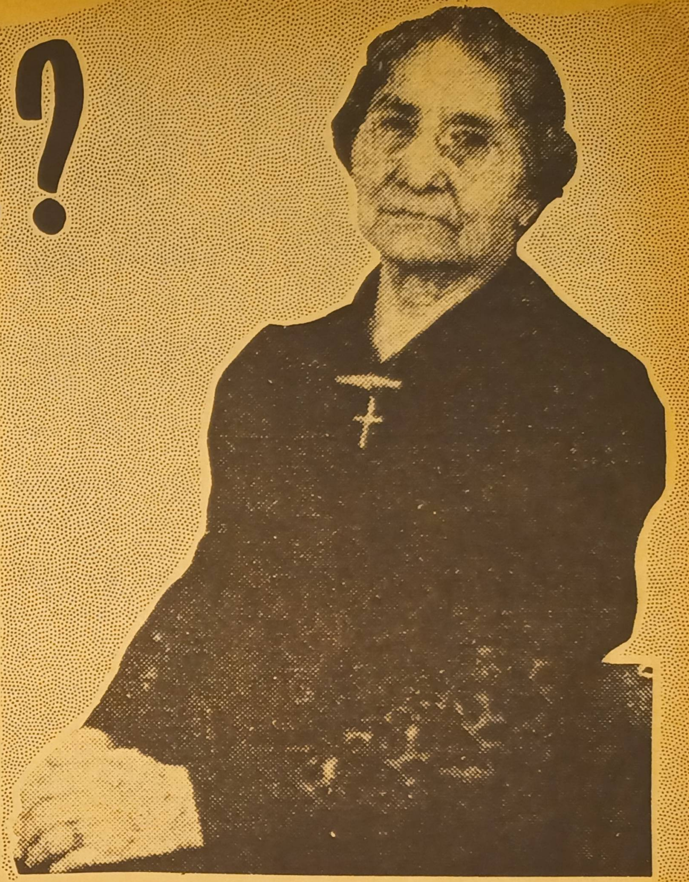
Together the two made their way up the mountain to a protected area where a cold spring of water bubbled, and there they stopped. The Rees had vanished. Bordeaux pulled the arrow from Pete's back, but it had already done its work. Pete's body began to swell, and fever heated Pete's body in spite of Bordeaux's applications of cool spring water. The two trappers lay on that protected mountain top all day, Pete getting worse as the hours passed. Both knew he could not live.

"Find something to write on," Pete said.

And Bordeaux did. Pete wrote a note to the American Fur Company, telling them that he had been shot by the Rees with a poisoned arrow. He directed that his wages be given to Bordeaux, then he gave the letter to Jim and asked him to deliver it when he reached the fort again. "Take my shoes and moccasins," Pete added. "I am afraid you will get lost or something will happen to you and you will need them. And Jim—" his voice was getting dimmer; Bordeaux leaned close to hear better—"Jim, when I die, put me in a cave along the edge of this here mountain. Cover me with big slabs of stone to keep the animals away. Take the arrow and put it in my hand so when my father comes to get my body he will know what killed me. And Jim, get word to my father."

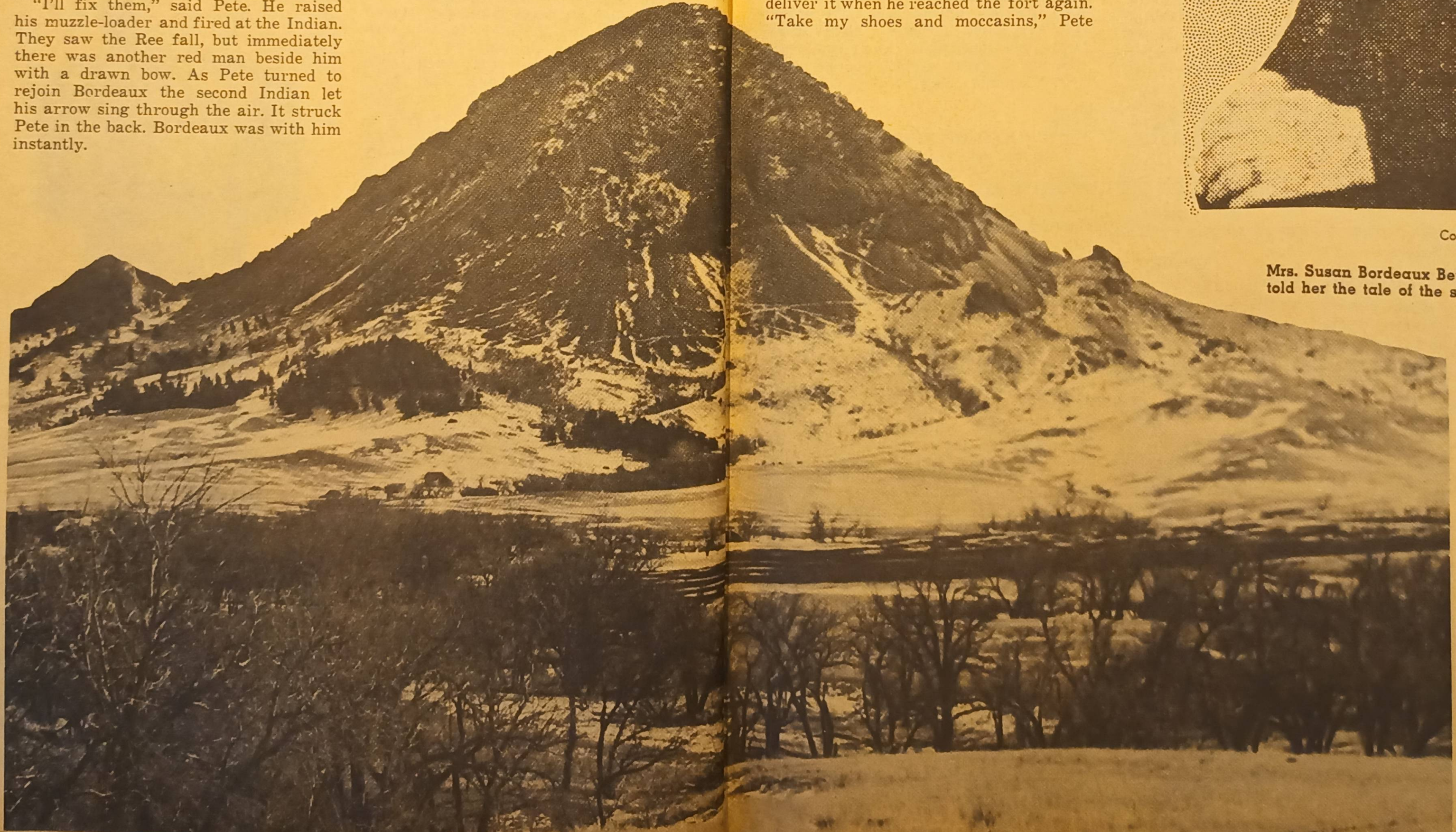
Bordeaux promised to do all that Pete asked. Pete died with the setting of the sun. Sorrowfully Bordeaux carried his friend's body into the nearest cave and covered it with slabs of stone, the arrow in Pete's hand. He could do no more

(Continued on page 69)



Courtesy Rapid City Daily Journal

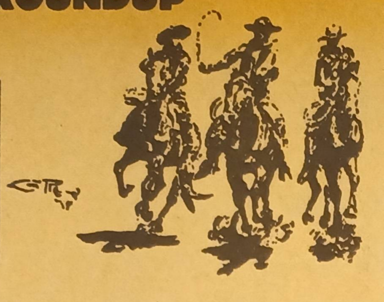
Mrs. Susan Bordeaux Bettelyoun, whose father, James Bordeaux, told her the tale of the skeleton on Bear Butte. Photo was taken in 1940.



At left is the North side of Bear Butte, near Sturgis, South Dakota.

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos



ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

ARMY IN PEACE TIMES

The United States Soldier Between Two Wars: Army Life and Reforms, 1865-1898 (Humanities Press, $7.50) by Jack D. Foner appraises the written and unwritten laws that governed the actions of the nation's fighting men. The author studiously considers the life of the enlisted soldier; his officers and community; the army's legal system; army reforms of 1880-1892; and the Negro in the post-Civil War army. The imperious military pecking order was modified to induce more recruits to volunteer. Better rations were provided, summary courts and a code of punishment were instituted; also included were improvements in housing, clothing, recreation and in promotions. Despite these favorable changes, desertions increased steadily from 1900 to 1905. After 1905 stiffer sentences for desertion reduced the rate. Following World War I, new legislation modified the court-martial system to reduce official injustices imposed upon men in the ranks. Numerous pages of notes and an impressive bibliography are added qualities of this book.

EARLY ALASKAN HISTORY

When Russia Was in America (Mitchell Press, Limited, Vancouver, $6.95) by Mikbaylo Huculak is the intriguing account of Russian explorations and aspirations in Alaska and the Northwest, beginning with the settlement in Alaska by persecuted refugees in 1571, and the first explorations in 1741. Russia, as a major world power, did not participate in explorations in the South or North Atlantic, but vied for land and power with Great Britain and the United States in the Northwest. Huculak, through research in Ukranian, Russian, French and English sources, traces Russia's role in the early settlement of America. In 1821 Russia made territorial claims which threatened British Territory along the Pacific Coast to California. Negotiations between Russia, the U.S., and Great Britain in 1824-25 defined the boundaries of Alaska as Russian real estate. The life story of Pierre de Poletica, Ukranian representative to Tsar Alexander at the negotiations, is a highlight of the book. Briefer biographical sketches of the British and American negotiators are also given. Dr. Huculak's work is hailed as a significant contribution to the knowledge of Alaskan history and to the events which thwarted Russian ambitions in the new world. Publication of this volume coincides with the Centennial of British Columbia's entry into the Canadian Confederation.

HIGH ADVENTURE

Methods of early western commerce are described in *Reminiscences of Alexander Toponce* in a reprint by the University of Oklahoma Press at $4.95. This is high voltage true western history. Toponce, a native born Frenchman, wrote his memoirs in 1919. A freighter, miner, merchant and mayor of Corrine, Utah, Toponce visited most of the western states via horseback and freight wagon. A bullwhacker for Major Russell and Waddell on the Santa Fe Trail, he later served as wagonmaster for Albert Sidney Johnston's army to Utah, traded mules to Brigham Young, bought Utah cattle and headed with them for California but sold them near Walker Lake in Nevada. He made the Georgia Gulch (Colorado) gold rush, and mined and freighted in Nevada and the Northwest. This great book hasn't been available in quantity and belongs on all western book shelves.

HISTORY AS YOU LIKE IT

Much has been written about the frontiersmen, Indian fighters, early settlers and the open range cowmen of central and western Texas. Very little has been written about the problems of the last years of the nineteenth century and early decades of this one. W. R. (Bob) Poage, a Texas congressman since 1936, has written a down-to-earth book about growing up in Throckmorton County ranches and in Waco. It has the appropriate title *After the Pioneers* (Texas Collection, Baylor University, Waco, Texas 76706, $7.50), and it is about Bob's family and friends. There is some family history but this account is primarily the recollections of the veteran congressman who was born in 1899. As chairman of the House Agricultural Committee and long-time delegate to the Interparliamentary Union the author is certainly eminently qualified to discuss politics and domestic and foreign affairs. That he chose to write about Texas folks, farms, ranches and towns in this century puts us deep in his debt. There are some good family photos and an index. The Texas Collection in the Baylor University Library is one of the best—so far as your reviewer knows this is its first hard cover publication and a mighty good one.

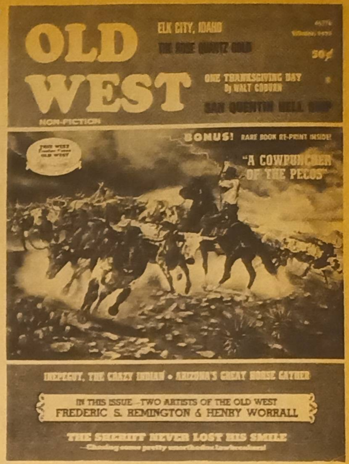
SIX-SIX

Sam Houston, Texas Giant (Naylor, $7.95) is a somewhat fictionalized biography by Claud Garner, prize winning novelist and professional writer. The period of Houston's life covered in the text is short—from his resignation as Governor of Tennessee in 1829 until his inauguration as first elected President of the Republic of Texas in 1836. Your reviewer finds little to fault historically in this narrative but does feel that the invented dialogue adds but little—the facts are dramatic enough to sustain the interest of readers of any age. The foreword explains the author's reasons for writing the book and his introduction briefs the Houston family history and Sam's career up to 1829. As an appendix there is a list of the officers and men who fought at San Jacinto under Houston. The author seems to feel that historians and previous biographers have failed to do Houston justice and it seems just as sure that he fell in love with his subject. Sam Houston has always been, if not seven-feet tall, his full six-six to this reviewer so the writers must have been telling Sam's story about right over the years. The author does have a way with words and perhaps a little butter on the bread does make it go down easier —he had a great subject and he wrote a very readable book.

FRIEND OF THE INDIANS

Buckskin and Blanket Days (Bison Book, Univ. of Nebr. Press, $1.95) by Thomas Henry Tibbles is essentially an autobiography with emphasis on his Indian experiences written in 1905 and first published in 1957. The book was edited by Theodora Bates Cogswell who added two chapters: "Guest of the Indians," one of Tibbles' earlier manuscripts; and an account of his courtship rewritten from memory of another lost manuscript by May Tibbles Barris, Tibbles' daughter. Tibbles was a remarkable man who lived from 1840-1928. He entered Kansas in 1856 with Lane's troop, studied at Mount Union College, Alliance, Ohio 1850-61, and began free-lance writing in 1861. He served as a scout and newspaper correspondent during the Civil War but does not cover these events in his book. He served as a scout and guide in Missouri and Kansas and narrowly escaped hanging by Quantrill's Raiders. He served as a preacher, lived with the Indians, and worked for various newspapers, becoming assistant editor of the *Omaha Herald.* Tibbles' second wife was Susette La Flesche (Bright Eyes), daughter of Iron Eye, a chief of the Omahas. He and his Indian wife lectured in England and Scotland. Tibbles fought for many reforms, but being ahead of his time, he saw few adopted. His "memoirs of a friend of the Indians" is great.

ONE MORE TIME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SAN QUENTIN HELL SHIP
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"A COWPUNCHER OF THE PECOS"
ARIZONA'S GREAT HORSE GATHER
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THE SHERIFF NEVER LOST HIS SMILE

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Broncho Billy's Last Ride

(Continued from page 31)

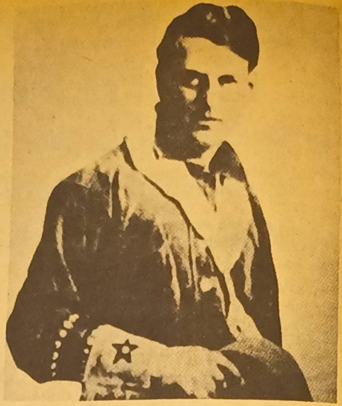
profile copied from a penny. Located in Chicago, Essanay progressed rapidly, boasting such top names as Francis X. Bushman, Henry Walthall, and later Charlie Chaplin, Wallace Beery, and Gloria Swanson.

IN 1908, after having directed Ben Turpin in a series of comedies, Anderson headed for Colorado, taking a camera crew, but counting on recruiting a cast on location. The weather was cold and there was little sunshine, so again heading west he arrived in San Rafael, California where he reputedly made two motion pictures. Finding the area too urban he moved once more—this time to Niles, California. Here the Essanay Film Manufacturing Company was to become the first regular studio in California. To the south in Los Angeles several outfits were making films, but these were not studios.

Essanay was to become one of moviedom's top producers, advertised as the A.B.C. of the industry: "A" for G. M. Anderson; "B" for Francis X. Bushman; and the "C" for Charlie Chaplin.

When the studios opened in Niles in 1909, Anderson developed the character of "Broncho Billy." Then because he was unable to find anyone to play this part, Anderson played it himself. Although never a very good rider, he did have a good heavy build and he could act. The first of the series, "Broncho Billy and the Baby," was taken from a Peter B. Kyne story.

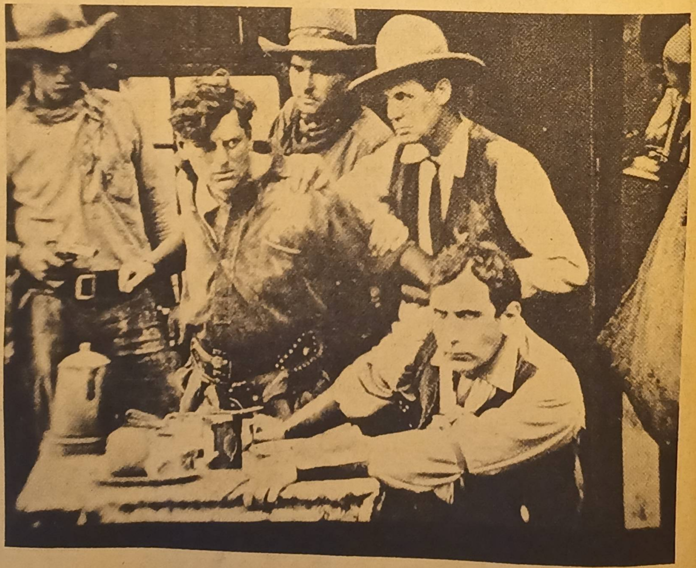
Over a period of nearly seven years, 374 or 375 one- and two-reel films were produced. A new Broncho Billy was made every week. Stories taken from many sources produced such titles as: "Broncho Billy's Oath," "Broncho Billy and the Redskin," "Last Round-up," "When Love and Honor Call," "The Cowboy Coward," and "Broncho Billy's Sentence." The latter, released in late February 1915, is thought by some to be the last of the series; however this may not be technically true since it was released as both a one- and a two-reel film.



This picture was taken at the time of his great success as a western hero.

Several films were made by Anderson other than westerns. "Naked Hands" and "His Regeneration" are examples.

Although most film historians credit Broncho Billy as the first western star, they tend to deprecate his films as portraying a romanticized West which never existed. Lavish praise has been heaped instead on Wm. S. Hart as the first and only authentic western star. But as more and more Broncho Billy westerns are retrieved from murky files and obscure hiding places, it becomes quite clear that these films had a stark and documentary quality which did indeed reflect the real western scene and times.



A shot from a 1913 film—"Broncho Billy's Oath."

Of course, the Broncho Billy western did not have the story quality and characterization that the Hart films possessed but Broncho Billy had been a star for over five years before Hart appeared on the screen. Billy's films blazed the path from simple to complex stories in that time. As a result, Broncho Billy provided Hart with a springboard to fame and fortune. Although Hart's portrayal of the "good badman" was praised as an innovation in types, Billy pioneered the part in numerous films.

A little known fact is that Charles Spencer "Charlie" Chaplin functioned as an associate producer under Anderson, working on several Essanay pictures when not working on his own comedy films. In the release of May 7, 1915, "His Regeneration," G. M. Anderson played the part of a thief and robber: Chaplin made a guest appearance in the opening dance hall and bar scene. Anderson returned the favor in Chaplin's "The Champion" of March 1915, appearing as a member of the ringside crowd. After seven years Anderson moved into feature films, but by then Hart and Tom Mix were firmly entrenched and had taken over the western field.

Anderson did direct one film, "Vera, The Medium," copyrighted December 28, 1916 by Lewis J. Selznick Enterprises, Inc., Starring Kitty Gordon, but if this was made at the Niles Studios is not known. By 1916-17, Essanay began to have many troubles—both financial and personality problems. Many stars left, the greatest blow being when Chaplin left to join Mutual in Hollywood. It is said that the studio did run into 1918 but this has never been verified.

In the early twenties, Anderson produced many Stan Laurel comedies for Metro. However like many others before him, Billy felt he was being unfairly treated by Louis B. Mayer. Unable to improve the situation, Anderson said goodbye to films and retired. Thirty-five years later, in 1958, he told television audiences of his part in the molding of Hollywood's cowboy formula on a ninety-minute NBC show where he appeared with John Ford, John Wayne, Gene Autry, Gary Cooper and others.

The early westerns were truly inventive. Their plots were nothing if not imaginative, and often they were courageously stark. But translating the vivid written word into an equally vivid film was another matter. Broncho Billy westerns were certainly the liveliest of these, making up in vigor what they lacked in other qualities.

From the start of his career in motion pictures in 1900, when Max Aronson left Little Rock, he spent his life as Broncho Billy Anderson, living in a mystic land of the silver screen. The screen became a little darker Wednesday January 20, 1971 when Billy rode off into his last sunset.

The author wishes to thank the following for the use and help of materials: John Thayer, Harry Villa and Blackhawk Films.

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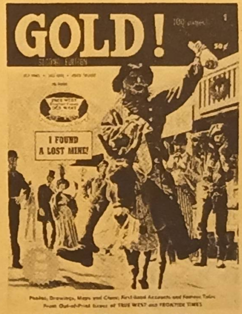

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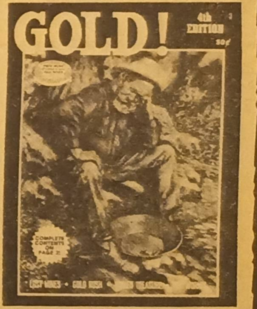

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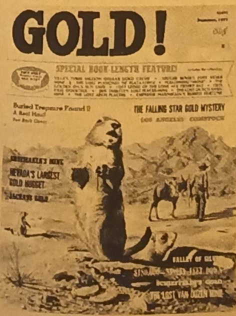
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Frontier Legend

(Continued from page 42)

It is my intention to send my wife's corpse to Taos, as soon as the weather is cool enough to do so and have taken the necessary steps to have this done, even if I myself should be called away, she shall rest as close to her family as possible. I have given the necessary orders to have my own body, if I should die, and that of my wife's sent together to Taos, to be buried in our graveyard near Elfego. I want neither her nor myself to be buried in the Church.

My best regards to the old lady, [Mrs. Bent] Terresina and your boy, who I am told is a fine child.

Please tell the old lady that there is nobody in the world who can take care of my children but her and she must know that it would be the greatest of favors to me, if she would come and stay until I am healthier and may make such arrangements as would suit her. She has two children here and is among those nearest to her.

The country has changed much since she was here last, no danger of Indians now. A greater number of people are living here, than then.

If she should determine to come, let me know immediately, and I will send a carriage for her. Chipita Gorda is nursing the baby, which is doing very well, but still I am anxious to get another nurse.

Remember me to all my friends, more particularly Miller, and don't delay to give an answer.

Yours truly
C. Carson

This copy of Carson's last letter was sent to me by C. A. Scheurich. As stated, Aloys Scheurich, father of C. A. Scheurich, was Kit Carson's nephew by marriage and was with Carson when he died at Fort Lyons, Colorado, in 1868. Carson married Josefa Jaramilla at Taos, New Mexico, in 1843. Charles Bent, Governor of New Mexico Territory, had already married a sister to Josefa. Aloys Scheurich married the daughter of Charles Bent.

Mad Dog Dilda

(Continued from page 17)

neighbors a couple of days later that old General Grant wasn't around the ranch anymore and that Dilda was saying the old man had got tired and left.

Williscraft told Sheriff William J. (Billy) Mulvenon that such a thing was unlikely because General Grant had been with him and his brother since the end of the war and at least would have come through Prescott and looked him up if the old man had decided to leave the ranch. Williscraft swore out a complaint against Dilda, charging theft, and Sheriff Mulvenon got a warrant.

The job of bringing Dilda in fell to Deputy J. W. (Johnny) Murphy. Murphy was a survivor of the notorious Mountain Meadows Massacre in Utah several years earlier, had spent his life on the frontier, and didn't scare. He was a very popular officer in the county seat of Prescott, due in part, perhaps, to the sheriff's stable of horses. Mulvenon's stable boasted some of the finest horseflesh in the territory in the 1880s. Often there were long, grueling days for both horses and men; again there were long stretches of time when there was little or nothing for the horses to do. At such times they had to be exercised daily and John Murphy often did the exercising. Some of his popularity stemmed from the fact that he was always willing to let the small fry of the frontier town ride the horses during their workout. There was no greater honor than riding the sheriff's favorite mount.

Deputy Murphy and Williscraft, armed with a warrant and orders from the sheriff to bring Dilda in, headed for the Williscraft ranch on the morning of December 20.

When they met Bob Furgeson, a Williamson Valley cowboy on his way to Prescott, Furgeson offered to turn back and accompany them to the ranch, volunteering the information that common talk in the neighborhood was that Dilda was "bad."

"Wouldn't bother you. Don't see any call for it. Don't see this as anything more'n a one-man job," Murphy said, brushing the warning aside.

MURPHY and Williscraft stopped at the ranch home of Charley Behm for their mid-day meal. After eating, the deputy again turned down an offer of help (from Behm) and rode off alone to bring Dilda back. The Williscraft ranch buildings were a scant half-mile away.

Georgia Dilda opened the door timidly after the deputy had knocked three times. A wide-eyed little girl of five hugged her mother's legs for protection and peeked out at the stranger.

Her husband, Mrs. Dilda said, was out in the hills hunting deer and she didn't know when he would return—surely by nightfall. Murphy was disappointed and a little suspicious. A sweat-streaked horse was tethered at a rail fence near the corral as though he had been ridden recently.

The officer went back to the Behm ranch to wait. The afternoon was whittled away by conversation and cards and the winter darkness was deep when supper was over and Murphy announced a second time that he would go for Dilda.

Mrs. Dilda answered his first knock this time and if she had appeared timid earlier in the day she was now too terrified to speak. She stood framed in the yellow lamplight. No, she finally stuttered, her husband had not returned nor did she know when he would—probably not tonight. The woman closed the door even before Murphy finished his questions and he stood a moment before reluctantly turning to leave.

It was as he turned that he heard the scrape of the door opening again. Murphy wheeled and drew his .44 caliber service revolver as one shot shattered the night quiet. He pitched forward with his face in the dust and lay still. A ball had entered the left side of the deputy's back, near the spine, and coursed upward through his body, coming out on the right side of the neck. This would seem to indicate that Murphy was in a partial crouch as he whirled. The bullet that killed him was later dug out of the gatepost.

Charley Behm turned a puzzled and worried face to Williscraft when the two heard the shot. Mrs. Behm and two of her children were in the kitchen and also heard the gunfire. Then began the tense wait for Johnny Murphy to return. There wasn't much talk at first but after he had had plenty of time to get back and didn't come they talked the matter over for the rest of the night, not forgetful of the reputation that Dilda had taken on so early—that of being "bad."

Charley Behm rode out before daylight the next morning and returned a little after dawn with three ranchers, armed and determined to get to the bottom of the mystery. Georgia Dilda opened the door for the rangemen, too frightened to speak. They brushed past her into the house and a brief search showed that Dilda was not at home.

But the strengthening winter light began to help answer questions. There on the ground, where Murphy had fallen, they found rust-brown stains of hard blood. Soon they were following tracks in the dust which plainly showed that two people, one a woman whose skirts brushed the dust, had dragged the body from where it had fallen into the house. They followed the dust trail through the kitchen, a large living room, and into a bedroom where the trail ended abruptly. But by then Mr. Williscraft knew the answer. He directed the men to drag an old rag rug from the middle of the floor and pointed to a trap door. Murphy's body was found jammed into a gunnysack and buried three feet deep in the cellar floor. The dirt that had been dug up to make room for the body had been scattered about the floor and tramped down solidly.

Hysterically, Mrs. Dilda then admitted that her husband had shot Murphy in the back and that she, under threat of death, had helped drag the body to the cellar and bury it. The burial took half the night and Dilda left soon after, she said.

MRS. DILDA told the ranchers that her husband left on horseback but that proved not to be the case. The saddle horse had apparently reared and broken the tether at the sound of the gunshot the night before and was found grazing behind the barn the next morning. Dilda had left on foot, heading toward Ashfork and the railroad. He left a plain trail.

A rider was dispatched to Prescott to notify the sheriff of the murder, and other riders fanned out to round up ranch hands to ride with the posse. Frank Denny was a member of that posse.

A search of the Williscraft ranch continued as the posse was being formed

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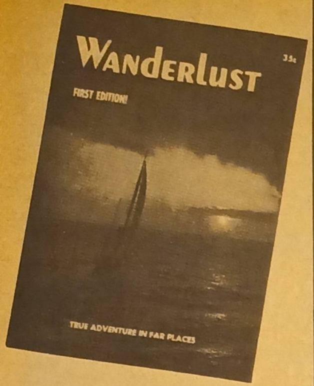

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and soon another startling discovery was made. It seemed to explain the reason for Murphy's slaying. Mysterious wheelbarrow tracks led from the house to a garden a hundred yards away and a rancher who had been a tracker for the army noticed that the wheelbarrow had had a heavy load when it went to the garden and no load when it was brought back to the house.

Charley Behm and Williscraft were discussing the matter when Behm absently picked at a sunflower stalk and was surprised when it came out of the ground with no effort. Although the earth didn't appear to have been recently disturbed, the ranchers dug there and found the body of Old General Grant four feet down. He had been shot in the head and had apparently been dead about two weeks. It was reasoned by the ranchers and later admitted by Dilda that he had shot Murphy because he believed he had come to investigate the disappearance of old General Grant Jenkins.

Sheriff Mulvenon dropped everything that morning to head the posse searching for the killer of his deputy and friend. A posse of twenty men, heavily armed, mounted up and rode out a little after noon. They spread out a quarter of a mile to either side of the plain trail that Dilda had left, combing the scrub cedar for four hours before two ranchers found Dilda about sundown. He was asleep under a cedar and he rubbed his eyes and blinked when awakened but he did not go for his gun when the men drew and covered him.

Dilda was disarmed and the ranchers fired three shots to signal that he had been taken. Besides his own .30 caliber Remington rifle, Dilda had carried Deputy Murphy's needle gun, a .44 caliber revolver, cartridge belt and hat. The prisoner was hustled to the county jail in Prescott that night and little time was lost the next day in empaneling a grand jury.

Two indictments were promptly returned. Each charged murder in the first degree. One alleged Dilda killed old General Grant Jenkins with a muzzle-loading rifle. "The leaden ball," the indictment said, "tore off the top of the victim's head." The second indictment charged that Dilda killed Deputy Johnny Murphy by a shot in the back.

Dilda was to later admit to the sheriff that he shot General Grant on the morning of December 12 as the latter bent over a basin, washing his face for breakfast. Dilda said he shot him because he was tired of having him around. It was generally believed, however, by those who knew the old veteran that he had $700 in gold on his person or at least that Dilda believed so and had killed him for the money. Others who knew the old man said he had never had $700 of his own at one time in his entire life. Dilda never admitted that the shooting was for robbery. And he refused to testify at the three-hour jury trial held December 30. (District Judge J. C. Shields couldn't be present any earlier to hold the trial.)

THE JURY found Dilda guilty of both murders and affixed the penalty at death by hanging. The next afternoon Judge Shields set the execution date: two o'clock on the afternoon of February 5. Some of the more excitable townspeople could see no point in such a delay, but Sheriff Mulvenon dropped in at a couple of the saloons and hinted strongly against lynch talk. It soon cooled off.

On the night before Dilda was to hang, he said that he would like to become a Catholic. But he changed his mind the next morning and refused to see the priest who had been summoned.

The killer was taken to a Chinese-operated restaurant in the rear of the famous Palace Saloon about ten o'clock on the morning of February 5. It was reported that he enjoyed a meal of chicken, lobster, steak, lamb and crab. He talked and joked with other prisoners and the deputies during the meal and even told jokes on himself. He appeared to be enjoying the center of the stage that day.

The meal lasted more than an hour and Dilda would not be hurried. He carried some of the food back to his cell and ate again before he was told it was time to get ready.

In the golden days, when a gambler or miner hit it rich, it was the custom for him to get gloriously drunk, charter a hack, load it with from one to a half-dozen of his favorite dance hall girls and drive at a gallop around the plaza, shouting, singing and cursing. Every hack in Prescott was reserved a week before the day of the hanging. Stores, offices, saloons and other places of business were closed by one o'clock. The procession started forming in front of the old brick courthouse long before two o'clock.

When the time came for the sheriff to go to Dilda's cell, he stopped at the door and read the death warrant as required by law, and some said later that Mulvenon was more nervous than Dilda.

Dilda was seated in a barouche beside the sheriff with his hands tied in front of him. When the team started and the vehicle started to move out he raised his hands and shouted, "Goodbye, boys." Next came the column of hacks, loaded with dance hall girls and the prostitutes from the Granite Creek cribs. The rest of the four-wheel vehicles of the town—buckboards, carriages, buggies, freight and ore wagons—followed. Two companies of militiamen, the Prescott Grays and the Prescott Rifles, preceded the townspeople who were making their way on foot.

The procession inched over the half-mile route to the scaffold west of town. The sheriff untied Dilda's hands and the condemned killer got down by himself and climbed the scaffold steadily enough.

Some said Dilda showed his first signs of nervousness here and that it increased until he died. Others said he never at any time displayed any concern whatsoever.

Deputy George Burton had the job of tying Dilda's legs and then he and Deputy Mike Hicky strapped the man's hands behind him. The sheriff asked Dilda if there was anything he wished to say and the prisoner inquired in a low, firm voice if the Rev. Green was in the crowd. When told the minister wasn't present, Dilda said he had nothing to say.

"Is there anything you want?" the sheriff asked.

"A drink."

The sheriff took a pint of whiskey from his pocket, pulled the cork out with his teeth and held it up for Dilda to drink. The latter drank nearly half of its contents before he signaled with his eyes for the sheriff to lower the bottle.

The hood was pulled down over Dilda's head and the rope was adjusted. Frank Denny, standing well back in the crowd, shivered when the body fell but his sigh blended with that of a hundred others. Dr. Ainsworth from Prescott and Dr. Barrow from the nearby army post at Fort Whipple pronounced the man dead a few minutes later.

Dilda had been dead several weeks before reports of earlier crimes began to come in. Reportedly he had had to leave Georgia when he killed a Negro there for his money. He next left Texas in a hurry after killing a white man—a more serious business in those days.

In addition, Dilda had killed three men—one his wife's brother—during the two years he had lived with his family in the Salt River Valley. He moved to Yavapai County when his neighbors became suspicious; when the word began to be whispered around that Dilda was "bad."

A half-century after the hanging, men who had been present when Dilda was hanged recalled that bleak day in February. One was Henry Hartin who died in the Arizona Pioneers' Home in Prescott June 20, 1952; another was Frank Denny who died in bed at his home May 27, 1953, a privilege he might not have been accorded if Dilda's offer to ride and tie had been accepted by the young gold-laden cowboy.

Ambush in Wingate Pass

(Continued from page 29)

above the narrow trail, the snorting, rearing horses, and Warner Scott's yell as a bullet ripped through his groin. Scotty, on horseback and rifle in hand rode ahead to the point of ambush then back to the other wagons claiming that someone had tried to get him but had shot his brother instead.

Dr. Jones in the rear wagon did what he could for the injured Warner as soon as things settled down and there was assurance that the attackers had skipped out.

The party turned around and made a fast retreat back over the route just covered. By the time they reached a town there was already growing doubts in the minds of Sinclair and Owen as to the authenticity of the ambush. Owen claimed Warner yelled, "That was meant for Owen," as he fell from the wagon seat. Sinclair thought that Scotty's show of bravery in riding ahead into the ambush area had been a bit too dramatic—and where were Shorty Smith and Bill Keyes who had left the party the day before to ride to Ballarat for supplies?

An old cabin in Death Valley, once occupied by Warner Scott.

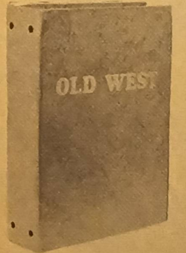
Owen and Sinclair decided the ambush was staged to scare them off so Scotty's mine could remain a secret. Warrants were issued for the arrest of Scotty, his brother Warner, Bill Keyes, and Pearl on the basis of attempted murder. San Bernardino County Sheriff J. C. Ralphs headed for Death Valley to bring in Keyes and Smith.

While the search went on in Death Valley, Scotty departed for Portland, Oregon where he was to act in a play about himself, "Scotty, King of the Desert Mine," opening at the Empire Theatre. Warner Scott, the only person actually injured in the ambush, was in critical condition in a Los Angeles hospital. Dr. Jones who had traveled with the party into Wingate Pass declared he had done all he could for Warner, considering the travel conditions, and then dropped out of sight. Bill Scott and Pearl were in jail.

Sheriff Ralphs and Under-sheriff McNabb returned from Death Valley empty-handed, but the lack of Keyes and Smith was forgotten when the sheriff publicly stated that they had discovered Scotty's camp and found a number of articles which had recently been stolen from the Confidence Mill a few miles away. Owen and Sinclair were sure Scotty's mine could now be located.

FOR YEARS Scotty had welcomed publicity and frequently hit the front page, but this time his alleged stunt had backfired. He was brought back to California and, though free on $2,000 cash bond, he faced a trial on May 1 in San Bernardino County on a charge of attempted murder, plus a damage suit in Los Angeles County superior court. The damage suit, brought by his brother Warner, was in the amount of $152,000 for the injury received in Wingate Pass.

One day Scotty was front-page news; the next day he was on page three. The spotlight had shifted to a Miss Lillian Malcolm of Tonopah, Nevada. The lady had appeared in San Bernardino and hired an attorney to defend Bill Keyes. She announced her intention of bringing Keyes in to prove his innocence and then departed for Death Valley to locate him. Miss Malcolm's effort to aid Keyes was understandable when it became known that Keyes had rescued her one time when she became lost in the desert and that during the following two years they had prospected Death Valley together, locat-



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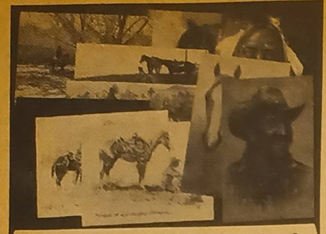

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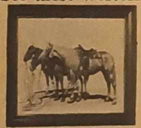

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ing a valuable mine which she feared Scotty and Pearl wanted. She was fearful that if Keyes could be eliminated, Scotty would take possession of the property.

Twenty days before the May 1 trial date, Keyes came out of Death Valley and turned himself in to stand trial with Scotty, Bill Scott and Pearl. When the case came up, Scotty's lawyer questioned jurisdiction claiming that the supposed ambush had taken place in the adjoining county of Inyo. Everything had to be postponed until a survey crew could go to the site and set the record straight. Weeks later the surveyors reported that as near as they could tell, the shooting had taken place 200 yards north of the San Bernardino County line and the case would have to be transferred to Inyo County. Owen and Sinclair decided that they had already spent too much time and money and that they probably had little chance of proving anything on the wily Scotty, much less getting a financial settlement. The case was dropped.

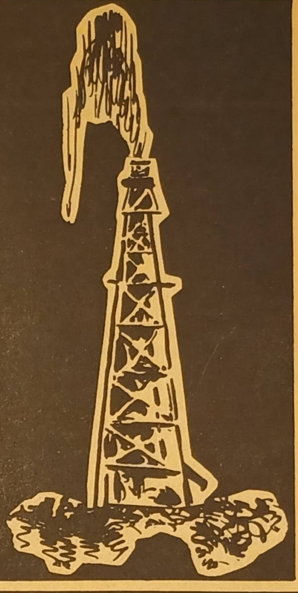
However, the search for Scotty's secret mine was not dropped. Four months later the Tonopah (Nevada) *Sun* carried a lengthy front-page account: "Arthur Kunze and his associates in the Greenwater District are on the trail of Scotty's mine and within a week will either be able to bring out a few burro loads of fabulous ore or else will be out of pocket a few dollars for their pains. If Walter Scott of Death Valley fame really has a mine, Kunze and his men think they have located it." The article went on to explain that the clue to Scotty's mine was the result of a search for Jerome Gross who had gone prospecting south of Greenwater toward Wingate Wash, the Death Valley side of the Wingate Pass road. When found, Gross told of having climbed a high peak to get his directions straightened out and seeing an unusual looking area farther south. The search party led by Gross made the steep climb to view what he had found.

Kunze reported to the paper that it was "a country of most peculiar contour, sharp peaks thousands of feet high, box canyons of great depth and insurmountable crags. About four miles from the peak on which the men stood, and tucked in a bowl formed by the hills, was a lake. Just above the lake on the hillside could be made out, with the aid of field glasses, a small dump and surrounding holes, trenches and piles of what appeared to be quartz."

Because of the rough country Kunze and the rest of the rescue party decided to return to Greenwater for supplies. Four relief stations were to be set up before the party tried to make the trip to the lake. Kunze who had traveled a great deal in Death Valley was confident of their finding Scotty's mine. He estimated that the lake was about ten miles from Scotty's Spring in Death Valley, the place from which Scotty dropped from view when he went to replenish his fortune.

A DISPATCH from Rhyolite, Nevada on September 7 shook the mining world with the announcement that Scotty's camp had been discovered by a Mr. Edwards and party as they prospected twelve miles south of Willow Creek; this would be south of Scotty's Spring and very near Wingate Wash. Edwards reported having found two caves, reached by a dangerous climb of 200 feet from the canyon floor. The caves had been occupied and though there was no direct evidence connecting Scotty with them, a diary in scrawled writing and poor English was found. One of the party was sure it was the same writing as other documents he had seen scribbled by Scotty. Two of the entries read: "Apprel 17 Take out $177,000 in gold today. Sent away for $500 worth of Whiskey and Seegars. Aggust 9 Get $50,000 out. Whiskey and seegars ordered.

Warner Scott who walked with a limp after the Wingate Pass episode, went north, prospected, and worked at whatever he could find until he grew too old and ill to support himself.



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In spite of the many entries of great amounts of gold there was nothing around the caves to give a hint as to its origin. And though the area was prospected there was no evidence of digging or burro trails for bringing the ore out to market. Later the diary sold for $1,000 to a newspaperman for use in his publication.

A month later the Denver *Financial Bulletin* said that Scotty's wealthy mine was "reliably reported to be in the neighborhood of Emigrant Springs, a relay station on the wagon road from Rhyolite, Nevada to the new booming town of Skidoo. It is known that Scotty stops overnight at Kennedy's Camp in the canyon some two miles from Emigrant Springs and he has shown much valuable ore to different prospectors while at these places." The search was moving north.

At the same time the Denver publication made its statement, a reporter for the Barstow *Evening Index* was getting Scotty's own statement. Barstow was the rail point where Scotty's activities had made headlines and where the residents would vouch for his periodic appearance with a string of ore-laden burros. Scotty's opening remarks were that he had just purchased twenty-four powerful mules at $4,200 and they would be arriving in Barstow. He had also ordered several wagons designed for desert travel and had hinted that more gold would soon come out of his mine.

Quoting the paper, "With a broad smile and a shake of his head Scotty says: 'You've got to guess like the rest. They all say I've got no mine. They all say I'm pretty near broke. They all say lots of funny things, but I'm always coming, always there with the wad, a pretty good wad of bat's wings at that. I'm getting sick and tired of hearing people who profess to know all about Death Valley country, all the time throwing up the ghost story that Scotty has no mine. This time I will prove to the world that my mine is no nightmare. I will show them that the wealth from that same unknown mine is fabulous and they will have to do some guessing after all as to its location. Further, it is my business and no other body's where its location lies. If I bring back the goods to show the truth of my claims, I hope that will be sufficient for the curious'."

THIRTY YEARS later all but four of the party involved in the Wingate Pass ambush had dropped from sight. After all danger of lawsuit had passed, some of the truth began seeping out. The Dr. Jones who had cared for the injured Warner Scott was none other than Albert Johnson, the man who financed the building of the elegant structure in Death Valley known to the public as Scotty's Castle. Neither Scotty nor Johnson gave direct answers to questions on the ambush and what little Scotty would say never came out the same way twice.

Two of the party were more prone to talk, Warner Scott and Bill Keyes. Keyes had left Death Valley and developed mining property to the south in what became Joshua Tree National Monument, far from Scotty's playground. Keyes did not directly admit to having fired the shots but he found great amusement in recalling how the easterner Owen had rolled in the bottom of the wagon screaming for the doctor, though he hadn't suffered a scratch. And he said Scotty had given the whole thing away by riding up yelling not to shoot anymore, but everyone had been too excited to hear what was said. Keyes added that Scotty had made arrangements with him to show Keyes' gold mine as Scotty's if the ambush didn't discourage investigators.

Of the four, Warner Scott was the most vocal when interviewed in Reno, Nevada by a correspondent for the San Francisco *Chronicle*. At seventy-two the tall slender Warner was surviving by working on WPA. He lived in a small shack with one ceiling light, a stove and a bed, at a time when his younger brother Scotty was growing fat and enjoying the fame and luxury of a castle in the upper end of Death Valley. Unlike his brother who was a master at giving indirect answers, Warner talked freely. In their youth the Scott brothers had been fairly close; now they were no longer on speaking terms. Sons of a

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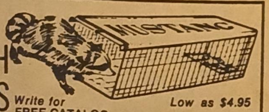

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Kentucky brewer, they came west to seek their own fortune; Warner in 1884, followed by young Walter (Scotty) in 1887. They worked together on Nevada ranches and then for the borax developments in Death Valley.

Warner remarked, "Ever since Walter joined Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show he has been a one-ring circus." He added that Scotty always seemed to be in the money though he did little or no work after leaving the Wild West Show. Warner doubted if there had ever been a gold mine except the financier Albert Johnson. As to the Wingate Pass ambush all he would say was: "I was the goat; I was always the goat; but that's all past now. It doesn't do to let things dwell on you."

Almenzo Yerdon's Deep-Freeze Bank

(Continued from page 43)

season. They retained vigilante leader X. Beidler to see their fortune safely to the States. The gold was taken under heavy guard overland to the steam boat landing at Fort Benton, Montana Territory, the uppermost reaches of navigation on the Missouri. From there it was transported to St. Louis.

Yerdon cut his teeth on mining in Diamond City when the town was thirteen miles long and boasted more than 8,000 people. The whole shebang was crowded into a narrow gulch. Its buildings were raised more than fifteen feet to keep them from being inundated by the mine tailings. Diamond City's active lifetime lasted from 1865 to 1870, and by 1884 the gulch was deserted, desolate and dreary, longing for its past. The last resident died in 1959 and was buried in Townsend, Montana.

YERDON, a New Yorker, was of average height, if not a little short; slender, strong and graceful. His hair was fine and dark but very thick. He had a smooth, clear complexion and only a small patch of whiskers on the very point of his chin. Yerdon was a hard worker, not the strongest of men but possessed of a deep, lasting endurance that saw stronger specimens exhausted while he was still going strong. He could walk miles with a slow rolling grace that never seemed to tire him.

When Al Yerdon was younger, he was a "dandy," much in demand at dances and social gatherings and was known far and wide by the ladies of the territory. Toward the end of Diamond City, Al became enamoured of a wealthy belle from the valley. The two were engaged and much to-do was lavished on the forthcoming wedding. Party after party was given the young couple, all in keeping with the times, until finally at the last elaborate shindig on the day before the wedding, the bubble burst. About midnight the rumor spread among the crowd that the wedding was off, and so it was.

Almenzo Yerdon retreated to the hills, never again to attend a public dance, social, gathering or get-together. He became a recluse, drawn into himself, shunning and avoiding all strangers. He almost took this mystery of his life to his grave.

Yerdon moved north and east over the hills from Confederate Gulch to Meagher County. He worked high in the Big Belt Mountains in a small placer diggin's called Ohio Gulch. Here he built a cabin and prospected the headwaters of Benton and Beaver Creeks. The Meagher County records indicate that he filed a claim called the Klondike in September 1889 on Beaver, near Green Creek.

Banks to those old-timers were things to be distrusted, questionable in honesty at best. A hollow post in the bedstead, a brick in the fireplace, became their safe. Al's bank was the earth, usually miles from his camp. On one occasion when he was mining Ohio Gulch, he heard by the grapevine of some diggin's on Beaver Creek five miles away. Now, Al had his cache on Beaver Creek. On the long chance that anyone might happen to hit his bank, he took off cross-country to check on the danger.

The story goes that as he cut out of the timber just opposite his cache, he discovered the miners turning their hydraulic hoses right on his buried bankroll. A screaming madman, he raced down the hill and dived into the stream of water, pawing and scratching in the muck like one berserk. The miners stood back in shock and surprise, thinking that the solitude and ravages of time had made another man loco. But not Al—for out of the muck, grime and slime of that hydraulic bath, he staggered carrying his cache of gold coin.

AL would take his dust to the banks in Helena and convert it to $20 gold pieces. How much he took out each year is hard to say but it was likely never less than $2,000. In one season alone he was observed converting $33,000 in dust and nuggets to hard coin.

Al bought his groceries in the late spring and fall and his small needs—consisting of gum boots, overalls, shovel, powder, cartridges and staples—surely didn't dent his income. His natural grace and quick reflexes enabled him to become extremely proficient as a hunter and he had no trouble in stocking his larder with fresh elk, deer and bear.

For more than fifty years Al hoarded his $20 gold pieces in his "deep freeze" bank. The bank got its name from Al. Whenever he ran short of commodities in the winter he would borrow some goods from his neighbors and he would always say, "My assets are frozen 'til spring and when a man has froze assets you've got to wait." Or else, "You'll get your money when the frost goes out." When the frost left the ground, as sure as spring came, Al would pay up in $20 gold coin.

In early 1900, he filed Homestead Entry #465 on Beaver Creek and made that his headquarters. Al also continued to mine his Klondike claim, which was located in the center of his homestead. If Yerdon recovered $2,000 a year, he cached away something like $100,000 in gold. Its hideout was never known.

The winter of 1918, like most Montana winters, was cold and snowy. Al was getting along in years, spry and active but still a recluse, scratching in the yellow muck. On New Year's Eve a neighbor went over to Al's cabin but the cabin was burned out, the roof caved in, the rubble still smoking, and Al was lying dead in the debris. From ground sign it appeared that he had gotten out, perhaps in the middle of the night, but was short of clothing. His body was on his doorsill, halfway back in the cabin, clothes burned off and body scorched by the flames.

Al Yerdon kept the secret of his deep freeze bank, but he revealed the secret of his strange life. When neighbors examined his body, they found Almenzo Yerdon had been a hermaphrodite.

Al's body is buried in the cemetery in White Sulphur Springs. His estate was probated in the county district court. It was estimated to be $1,000. The gold coins were never found. The inventory shows personal property of only $350.

A scramble to buy Al's land, in hope that the cache of gold coin might be found, boosted the ordinary $3 an acre price to $15 an acre. It was sold in July 1919 for $2,425 and that plus the personal property of $350 made a gross estate of $2,775.

Al had relatives living in New York, but for some reason they did not receive the inheritance. Settling the estate lingered on and on. In 1930 a new administrator was appointed, and the following year his estate—then $996—was given over to the State of Montana. What happened to $1,779 is unknown; why relatives were by-passed is unknown; why the estate was not closed in 1919 is unknown; where Almenzo Yerdon's cache of yellow coins lies is unknown.

It's my guess that the cache is somewhere in a three- to five-mile walk from the burned-out cabin site on Beaver Creek—a deep freeze treasure now worth $270,000 to $300,000. Some of this land is privately owned but much of it lies in a national forest.

Beaver Creek lies in the Big Belt Mountains, north of Townsend, northwest of White Sulphur Springs. It can be reached by a car on a dirt road from White Sulphur Springs or Townsend, but a four-wheel drive is best. It's still a beautiful valley with wild game, wild flowers, and some fine fishing down below. If you ever see the country I think you'll discover Al's treasure was something in addition to a hidden hoard of $20 gold pieces.

Letter Rip!

(Continued from page 4)

Halsell Story

You certainly did right by us in giving us "Cowboys and Cattleland." One can't say that a story about he-men cowboys is "delicious"—anyway, it is more than 100 per cent, with laughs along the way because of the unbeatable way in which the old rascal tells the story.—Clara M. Grove, Moscow, Idaho 83843

In your Fall 1971 issue you reprinted an old book which I have wanted for a long time. I was thrilled to find it in OLD WEST. Thanks a heap for reprinting the story "Cowboys and Cattleland" by H. H. Halsell. You see this is of special interest to me as I live only a few miles from the site where the Halsell ranch was located on the Cimarron River in early-day Oklahoma. In fact, on May 11, 1971 the Cimarron Valley Historical Society of which I am the secretary-treasurer placed an historical marker on the site of the Halsell Ranch.

Tex H. V. Brown, president of this society, was born and raised in Texas near the Halsell ranch there. Tex's father at one time worked for Mr. Halsell.—Joyce Stanton, Cimarron Valley Historical Society, Box 14, Ripley, Oklahoma 74062

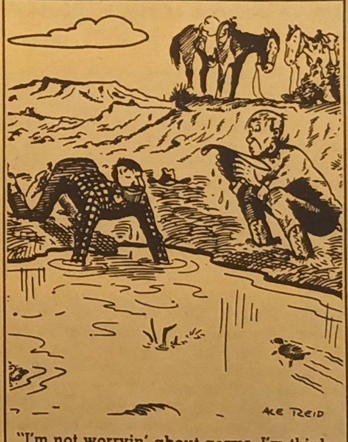
Chased Pancho Villa

It makes me homesick to read the letters the old ones wrote about chasing Pancho Villa, as I was out there with Company K, 4th Texas Infantry. Our company was divided, forty men stationed at Terlingua, ninety miles west of Alpine on the Rio Grande. A large gang of bandits camped across the river. They would entertain themselves by shooting at our camp in the daytime. One night the lieutenant in command had business elsewhere and Bill Malone and Golardy swiped a machine gun and all the ammunition they could carry and waded the river. They set up the machine gun close to this bandit camp and opened fire. The next day the camp was deserted and a lot of buzzards were flying around in circles. No bandits were in sight.

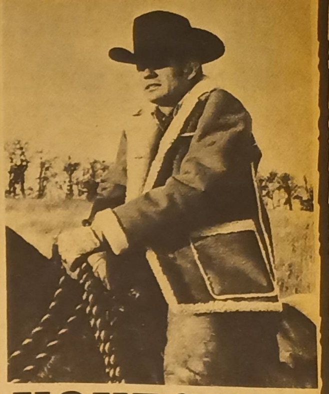
O turn back the time
Put a Springfield on my shoulder
And send me back to Mexico
Where the buzzards fly high
The rivers run dry
And the sun burns hell out of me.

—Alex L. Roberts, 161 North Rife Street, Aransas Pass, Texas 78336

(Continued on page 62)



"I'm not worryin' about germs. I'm thinkin' about some of these things I can see with my naked eye."



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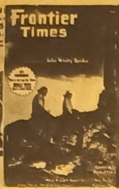
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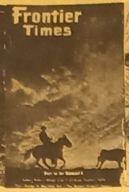
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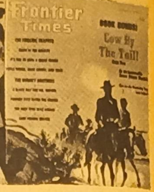
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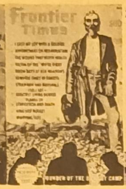
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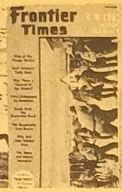
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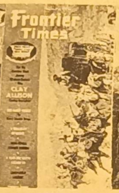
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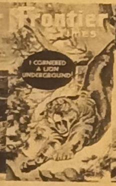
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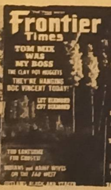
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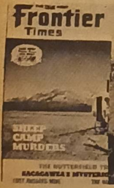
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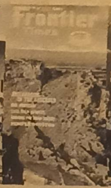
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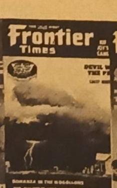
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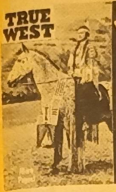
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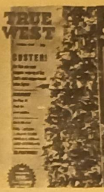
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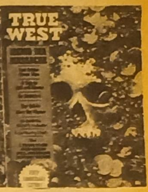
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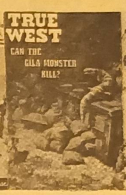
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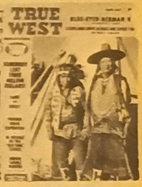
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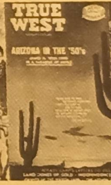
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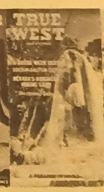
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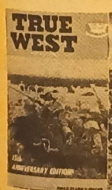
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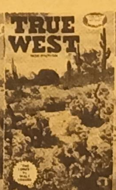
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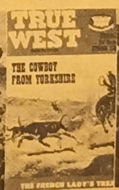
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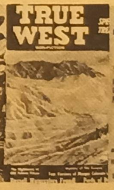
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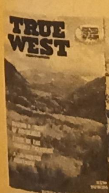
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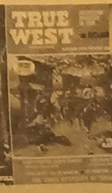
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Letter Rip!

(Continued from page 59)

Corn Cob Jelly

Not so long ago I came across a recipe for Corn Cob Jelly and thought your readers might be interested.

First, boil twelve broken bright red cobs for twenty minutes in five cups of water. (If you do not have red corn cobs, you may use fresh ones and add a few drops of red and yellow food coloring instead.) Strain this through a cloth and you should have three cups of liquid left. If not, add enough water to make three cups. Then add one package of Sure-Jell and bring mixture to a boil. Add three cups of sugar and boil for one to one and a half minutes. Recipe makes five glasses of jelly.—Mrs. Wilma Johnston, 123 Frederick, Austin, Texas 78704

John Stout

I read all three of your publications. Have read several stories that mention persons I knew or have heard about from my father. I especially like Maurice Kildare's stories. I knew some of his family when I lived in Flagstaff, Arizona. We were friends and neighbors to George Hochderffer and his family that he wrote about in the Spring 1970 issue of OLD WEST, "Lost Whitehorse Hills Mine."

In the summer 1970 issue, the story "Captain Cooney's Fate" mentions John Stout, who was my grandfather. The Eli Clark mentioned was a justice of the peace and married my parents in Cliff, New Mexico in 1903. My folks knew Ray Bell and Frank Beach also. I remember going to a Christmas dance with my parents to Bell's ranch when I was a child.

I am doing research on my grandfather's life. I know about his life from 1885 until his death in 1915, but I know nothing of his life from 1849 when he was born, or when he migrated to Texas. He lived in three early-day mining camps: Fairview, Mogollon and Silver City, New Mexico. He hauled freight with a six-mule team and wagon between Mogollon and Silver City. He homesteaded in Cliff, New Mexico in 1900.

My father's ancestors were early Texas settlers (1800s). An uncle of my father, Rach Guinn, hauled stone to build the Capitol. There is a picture in the family showing him hauling this stone.—Mrs. Sy George, Box 19, Sanders, Arizona 86512

When Indiana was Frontier Country

I have been interested in stories of the western frontier all my life. I was raised in Crawford County, Indiana which is ten miles south of the old state capital, Corydon, in Harrison County. It was named for William Henry Harrison. There are many tales of Morgan's Raiders during the war. A few incidents happened at Corydon.

My husband and I have traveled quite a bit to such places as Liberty, Missouri where we saw the first bank that Jesse James robbed. We tried to see the old homestead but the gates were locked. We've also been to the Dalton Museum in Coffeyville, Kansas where I took a lot of photographs. I saw some of the same photographs which appeared in your magazines.

The closest thing to outlawry that happened near my home was when the Reno Brothers were in jail at New Albany, Indiana. They were hanged in the jail by a mob.

The originator of FRONTIER TIMES was married to Mary Jane Calhoun from Tennessee. My grandmother was a Calhoun from the Tennessee-South Carolina area. Have been trying to trace ancestry for a long time but have run into a blank wall.—Mrs. Joyce Meyer, 5410 South Richmond, Chicago, Illinois 60632

Remember Deadwood

Your story, "Draw It Tighter, Marshal" which I read in the Summer 1971 OLD WEST, brought back many vivid memories. Earl Nipper's dad had a dray line in Deadwood at the time Wild Bill Hickok was killed, and the Nipper dray moved him from the meat house to the grave where they planted him behind the saloon where he was killed. They made a large redwood box for him and put in all his guns and many other things. The ground was red and very wet. A few years ago they dug Bill up and it took eight good men to lift the box out. They opened it and Bill was in good shape, so they put the top back on and piled it on the hill with all the others, beside Calamity Jane. Both had hearts as large as Poker Alice. Poker Alice was the wife of George Hooker, one of our ranch hands.

Earl Nipper, who is in his late eighties now and lives in Lemmon, South Dakota, was a good-sized kid when I was in Deadwood and had to drive the dray wagon all over this town. The street on page 8 looks like the old home place to me.

My dad was a bullwhacker for U. P. Show. U. P. had a string of 600 good bulls. My dad started when he was twelve years old when he got a job with Joe Timmons, Dad's brother, who was ten years his senior. My dad's job was to watch all the bulls. In the evening after they made an afternoon pull they had to stop and let the bulls fill up. All they had to eat was grass. There were long trains of three wagons that were hooked together when they pulled into camp. All wagons pulled in a large circle. That made a place for the bulls, for if they didn't do that the gray wolves would maybe kill some. If they bit one of the hind legs of a bull you had just as well kill him for blood poisoning would set in.

Dad worked at that until he was eighteen—a good-sized man. One day he asked U. P. if he would let him have a string that was three wagons or six yokes of big heavy bulls. No gumbo ever stopped his wagon. Lots of times he would have to unhook the two back wagons and take one wagon at a time, pull it for a mile, then go back and get another wagon. He could not leave the other wagons too far behind or the Indians would clean out a lot of the grub or burn the wagons. That gumbo was hell. It was about forty miles wide on the average. In lots of places it was a lot wider and it was over 100 miles long. Now the roads are all paved. You can go 90 miles per hour or faster, just as you want. You can see for miles and miles.

Dad was in Deadwood when they had the big fire. That was a hot place. A year or so after the big Iron Horse came in, Dad went north of the Black Hills and went into cattle. We had a large spread along with some of the others. Some of them had 100,000 head. That was one of the largest. There were a lot that had 50,000, 25,000, 30,000, and 15,000—sure lots of cattle.

A man had to have 10 head of the best horses he could get, have his own bed, and he could still only get $30.00 a month. He was out before daybreak and not in bed till way after dark. In bad weather your bed was wet. On top of all that you had to stand a two-hour guard. Some of the big wagons had as many as sixty men on a wagon. Think of the wages a man gets now—on strike half the time. We never kicked. If you did, your horse was cut out and you packed your bed.

Sometimes there would be a big lightning storm. The herds would stampede and mix up with other cattle. It would take a day or so to get them all cut out as the camps were all torn up; wagons upset; beds all wet—no one can believe it. It was just hell.

We were 110 miles from town—went to town twice a year. One time we started out in the last of September. We had two six-horse teams, two four-horse teams and a large spring wagon with all the beds, tent, stove and grub. When we were three days out, we camped on Willow for the night. We staked out some, hobbled some; every skinner had his own saddle horse. At dark it started to rain. We were there for seventeen days on the gumbo and never moved a wheel. Mother and I drove the mess wagon. She did most of the driving and I handled the brake and whip. I thought I was the main skinner. I still think I was, for my load had all the day's grub and all the whiskey for the winter.—A. C. Timmons, 481 Clarke, Bishop, California 93514

CORRECTION NOTICE

On page 29 of the Winter '71 OLD WEST the caption under the photo reads — "Charlie Wills, sheriff, flanked by his deputies, Harry and Bill Johnson." It should be Harry and Bill Johnston. The photo credit should read "Courtesy Harry (H.V.) Johnston." Both photos that accompany the story are from the book *My Home on the Range*, by H. V. Johnston.

On page 30 the drawings of the prison-ship *Euphemia* and the prison break were provided for the author by the Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.

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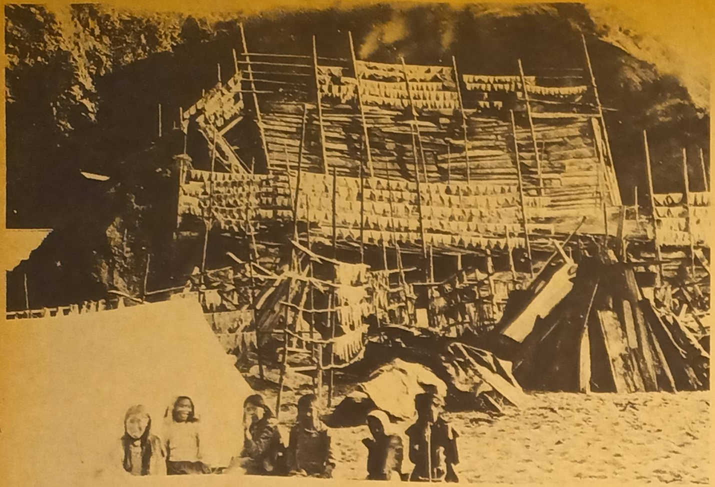

Before 1880, salmon strips drying. Underneath is one of the early "long-houses," one of which is now being uncovered by the University of Washington.

30,000 Yesterdays in Photos

(Continued from page 27)

costumes of cedar bark. One shows a plump papoose cradled in its woven basket the art copied from Canadian tribes, and now nearly forgotten. Several pictures are of tall wooden racks filled with strips of salmon and halibut drying. Kellogg remarked of one, "This rack is directly above the place where college archaeologists are digging each summer for Indian artifacts buried in a landslide long ago."

Kellogg captured the timber industry of seventy years ago, the large logs being skidded along toward the mill by teams of horses over pole roads greased with rancid fish livers.

He points with pride to a picture of the first mass settlement at the townsite of Port Angeles in 1887. "I have many photos of the old Puget Sound Cooperative Colony here," he says. "They had headquarters in Seattle and they first settled at the foot of Ennis Creek." Plainly seen are the Olympic Mountains in the background.

There are prints of Victor Smith, "the father of Port Angeles," who worked unceasingly to make it a sort of city-state, with a military establishment to guard against foreign invasion. "He saw his dream realized in part on June 19, 1862," Kellogg said, "when President Abraham Lincoln signed papers reserving 3,520 acres of public land for governmental purposes, making Port Angeles our second national city."

Little known events have been recorded, too, such as the building of a World War II United States Spruce Corporation mill which never turned a wheel, the location now of the Rayonier pulp mill.

While Kellogg is vastly relieved that most of his collection is now safe and available to all, he has no intention of discontinuing his avid search for more historical information and pictures. "As long as my sight allows, I'll keep on reproducing snaps and encouraging people, especially the young, to appreciate the labors and sacrifices of our pioneers," he said.

People like Bert Kellogg, who so generously share their enthusiasm in preserving relics of the past, will keep alive the growing interest in Americana.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 44)

living in Gravity, Iowa. He is buried in LaDoga Cemetery near there.

I am especially interested in learning some facts about his early life.—Mrs. Dolores I. Salyer, 1240 Logan, Canon City, Colorado 81212

Allen - Baggett

Arthur Abraham Allen, married Sarah Elizabeth Baggett around 1860 in Montague County, Texas. Because of raiding bands of Indians, they were forced to leave and from there I presume they settled on land east of Norman, Oklahoma. There were several children and one son of Arthur's by a previous marriage. The children of Arthur and Sarah are:

Samuel Lee, born 1863 in Texas. He was a sheriff in Hedley, Texas about 1903, and later worked for the railroad in Texas and Oklahoma. He made the "Run" into Oklahoma.

Other children were Walter, Mattie, Kate, Jim, Mary, and an adopted boy or step-son Bill Idlet. There are other children but their names are not available.

Sarah Allen was buried in Fairview Cemetery in McQuire, Oklahoma in 1940. Samuel died August, 1948 in Oklahoma City. Would appreciate any information on this family.—Mrs. Mary Maupin, 2833 West McKinley, Phoenix, Arizona 85009

Lollar

Does anyone in or around Kilmichael or Greenville, Mississippi remember the name of this man? He had three daughters, Eunice, Nancy and Connie Bell. Connie Bell was my grandmother.

I'd like very much hearing from someone who knew my great-grandfather. All letters will be answered.—Mrs. Alice Marotz, 421 Spruce Street, Madison, Wisconsin 53715

McKinney - Ayres

Oline Rose McKinney (McKinnie) Burns was born June 7, 1860 in Illinois, and died in Chico, California April 27, 1928. She moved to Oregon in the early 1890s with her first husband and children, Laura (Lura), Mural, Henry, Nacoma, Jessie, Eugene and Fay. What was her husband's name? Who were Edna and Violet Ayres? Which daughter married Ira DeWitt before starting west? They had a daughter named Olive.

Would appreciate hearing from any descendant or any old-timer in LaGrande, Baker, Sumpter, Eugene or Blue River, Oregon that might have known them. They are cousins.—Mrs. Helen D. Calcote, 5379 Mulberry Lane, Redding, California 96001

Conn

I am searching for my mother, Jewel Rebecca Byerly Conn (?). I was born March 28, 1940 in Chattanooga, Tennessee and according to my birth certificate, she was sixteen years old at the time, and she too was born in Chattanooga. I was separated from her while still an infant, and according to an old friend, she remarried shortly thereafter and had two daughters in the mid-1940s. Her husband was in military service of some kind, but his name was not remembered. She was last known to be in Cairo, Illinois in 1949.

Anyone knowing anything about her, please write.—Chas. Edward Conn, P. O. Box 772, Rockdale, Texas 76567

Estes

I have heard of a book written about my great-great-grandfather, Joseph P. Estes, always called "Pappy Joe." This Civil War book was written by a Union soldier. The soldier had been taken prisoner but escaped to the north and Pappy Joe hid him in a cave not too far from their farm on the border between Virginia and North Carolina. The book tells about how Pappy Joe and his daughter Retty and a Negro girl would take food up a creek to this cave for these runaway soldiers. Retty would have been about sixteen or eighteen and the Negro girl about the same age. Pappy Joe was mustered in the Confederate Army when the war began (he was a blacksmith) but would help the Union Army as well.

Perhaps one of your readers can tell me the name of this book. I would also like to hear from any Estes. Pappy Joe had a lot of children, most of them in Kansas or Oklahoma. One son, Lank Estes, moved to Canada in the late 1880s or early 1900s from Manhatten, Kansas. His half-brothers and sisters were Coleman, Sherman and Retty. Full brothers

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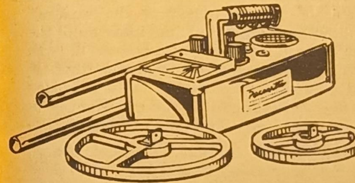

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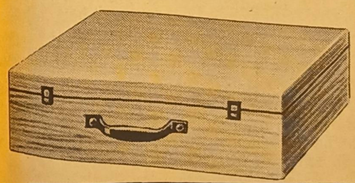

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and sisters were: Julius, Joseph, Leonard, Jessie, Lucy (Estes) Tracy, Annie (Estes) Tracy, and Frankie (Estes) Hansen. I believe he moved to a place in Alberta, Canada and had a ranch or large farm there.—Mrs. Sue (Estes) Metcalfe, Box 114, White City, Kansas 66872

Jones - Arnold

I would appreciate any information on Robert Lewis Jones or his wife. Robert Jones was born in 1849 in Tennessee. He had a brother Lon, and a sister Lizzie. He married Margaret Jane Winstred Arnold, who was born in 1857. They had eight children: Lillie, Ida, Maggie, Ernest, George, Thomas, Willie and Dallas. He lived out his life as a farmer in Tennessee and died in November of 1925. His wife died May 22 1925.—Dennis A. Gray, 704 South Bellevue Boulevard, Bellevue, Nebraska 68005

Swilling

Does anyone know the descendants of Jack Swilling? He was instrumental in the founding of Phoenix, Arizona Territory, in the year 1868. Before that he lived in Wickenburg, Arizona Territory. His son, Hank Swilling, is said to have been a Texas Ranger. I have also read that Hank rode with Johnny Ringo and Curly Bill. Can anyone clear this up? Any information will be greatly appreciated.—Herbert E. Swilling, 401 S. Florida Avenue, Greenville, South Carolina 29611

Henderson

I'm looking for information about Sarah Jane Henderson, wife of John M. Henderson. She was born in 1826 in Ohio. Sarah and John Henderson had seven children: Elsey, Hiram, Emily, Robert Ellenor, John, Jr., and Elbert. At the time of the 1850 census they were living in Sangamon County, Springfield, Illinois but by 1860 had left. I think they went to Nebraska. I would also like to find out Sarah's maiden name.— Miss Mavis Loscheider, Ronan, Montana 59864

Jones - Rhea

My late husband, Arthur Lee Jones, was born February 12, 1896 and died July 30, 1951. The last he had heard from his father, Richard Miriam Jones, was in the early 1930s when he wrote that he was moving west. Would like to hear from Richard if he is still living or from any relatives.

Would also like to hear from descendants of Pleasant U. Rhea.—Mrs. Artie Jones, 630 East Mesquite Street, Uvalde, Texas 78801

Walker

The S. E. (Ed) Walker family of two boys, Lott and Geo., and two girls, Susie and Rose, and Mr. and Mrs. Walker left Marfa, Texas in 1905 or 1906 for Mesilla Park, New Mexico where Mr. Walker had a store. When they left Mesilla Park for California and where in California they settled is unknown.

The Walker family are the only relatives of children of O. L. Nichols, once postmaster at Marfa. The last of the J. F. (Joe) Nichols family died in Boerne, Texas in 1961 or 1962. I would appreciate any information concerning the Walker family.—R. S. Greenwood, 101 North 9th, Junction, Texas 76849

Frank Ford Rhodes

Information wanted on my grandfather, Frank Ford Rhodes. He may have used the name, Frank Ford. He was born November 14, 1854 or 1855 at Harmar (Marietta) Ohio. Lived with his first wife, Sarah, at Cheyenne County, Kansas in 1892-'95. In 1909 he was in Harvel, Missouri. He then stated he would take Ida Williams, an orphan, for his second wife. In 1919 he was believed to have been seen in St. Louis, Missouri with two small boys.— H. E. Matheny, 13550 Hill Avenue, N. W., Uniontown, Ohio 44685

Hinton - Lovelace

My grandmother, Molly O. Hinton, I believe was born in Arkansas about 1851. At age twenty-four she married a man named George Henry Lovelace. He was from England and had three boys and one girl at the time of their marriage. They lived at Indian Gap, Texas, where four children were born—Tom, Maude (who was my mother), Dora and Ola May. I believe George died at Indian Gap about 1886. Molly married again, name unknown, but something happened to her husband. She later married M. O. Spinks and they moved to Oregon where they lived about ten or twelve years. I don't know what happened to Spinks but believe Molly went back to Texas about 1910 or 1911. She died there about 1917, address unknown.

Tom Lovelace died in Oklahoma. His two oldest boys were Blake and Elmo. There were others but their names are unknown. Maude married Jackson Layfayette Clingan; Dora married Jeff Gardenhire; and Ola May married Jess Harcrow. Would appreciate information about any of these people.—Mrs. Alta Coburn, 2006 River Loop No. 1, Eugene, Oregon 97402

Bill Norman

I would like to contact my father, Bill Norman. I believe he may be in Texas or Oklahoma. He is a Choctaw Indian, born August 5, 1910 in Oklahoma to Mary Armstrong Norman and Cecil Norman. He married my mother, AnnaBell Barnett, in the 1940s and would be in his sixties now. Bill's name is Dugan and I believe he has a navy anchor tattooed on his left arm between the shoulder and elbow. I am his only son and would like any information about him.—Bill Norman, Jr., P. O. Box 113, Hobbs, New Mexico 88240

Cooley

I am seeking information about my great-grandfather, Richard W. Cooley. The only documented thing we have found is a marriage date—October 17, 1865—to Nancy J. Caroway in Gonzales County, Texas. They had one child, my grandmother. When my grandmother was three, her mother died and my grandfather left her with her grandparents and rode away. We have heard he settled around Austin, Texas or in Mason County.—Earline Montgomery, Box 296, Ruidoso, New Mexico 88345

Wise

During and after World War I, 1917-1921, I had a very dear friend with whom I have lost contact. Ernest Wise was an orphan who was taken in and raised to manhood by three brothers, Bob, William, and Tom Felton. These men were single at that time. They were fine cattlemen and excellent riders.

The last time I saw Ernest was in the summer of 1921. He was then about eighteen years old and was holding down a job riding for the Bear Paw Livestock Company which had extensive holdings near Bear Paw, Montana. I last heard that Ernest had located in a place known as Horse Heaven, either in Washington State or Oregon, near the Columbia River.

I would appreciate any word from or about him.—Buryl Battles, 3188 South Ogden, Englewood, Colorado 80110

Graves

The John Graves family left White Pigeon, Michigan to arrive in Marysville, California sometime before the big flood of 1861-62, at which time my grandmother, Ella Graves (born in Marysville), was three years old. There were three older boys, Charles, Frank and Linc, one being called Chap. At the time of the flood, there were also twin babies. As a result of being exposed to the weather, my mother caught pneumonia, as did the babies, and died. Supposedly, so did the father, but research has shown that he must have lived until 1877 and is buried in the Masonic plot of the old Marysville cemetery on the north side of town.

The Masons of that time took charge of the older children and sent them back east to their grandparents. Later, Uncle Charlie returned to Marysville where he engaged in the newspaper business and had a home out of town along the banks of the Yuba River on the Browns Valley Road. Ella Graves also returned, as did her other brothers. She married a German widower, John Martin Sulzberger, and had a home nearer the river across from her brothers. While the home has been replaced with a modern one, the old barn was still there a few years ago. Here my mother, Mabel Eva Sulzberger, was born. She did not remember her father, there being a separation at the time. As far as Mama knew, he had gone back to Germany.

Later, Uncle Charlie went to Klamath Falls, Oregon, still in newspaper work, to be followed by my grandmother and the other brothers.

My interest lies in how the family came to Marysville. There was some talk that they were related in some way with the Graves families with the Donner Party. Some of the names do correspond, but I cannot actually tie them in. While visiting Sutters Fort in Sacramento I was shocked on seeing one of the Graves girls' photos—seemed I was looking at myself.

I would like to know how my Graves ancestors got out to the Bear River Valley. I would appreciate hearing from anyone who may have some information. —Helen Ella Beard, 1412 East 21 Street, Oakland, California 94606

Starner-Shelton-Bray-Perkins-Lanier-Stiles

I would like to hear from any of O. P. Starner's grandchildren. Also, Joe and Jim, Mack Shelton's children. They left Grandview, Texas about 1906 for Alabama. Would also like to hear from or about Bill and Beaula Bray from Grandview. Bill was a horse trader and they left Grandview about 1910. Caddo Perkins' children lived in Alvarado. About 1910 they left for Grayson County, Texas. Kaleb Lanier lived in Covington, Texas in 1890. Seth Stiles left Barnsville, Texas about 1906. Would appreciate hearing about any of these people.—H. B. Covington, Grandview, Texas 76050

Frogg-Skyles (Skiles)

In her Civil War widow's pension application, Lucinda (Skyles) Frogg stated that her late husband, Joel "Joe" P. Frogg, had died of a gunshot wound on June 5, 1895 at Allen, Atoka County, Oklahoma. Joel Frogg was supposed to have been a gambler, and it would be interesting to find out what happened here. I'm also interested in the Skyles (Skiles) family history.—Roger L. Garbee, 1026 North West Avenue, Springfield, Missouri 65802

Skaggs

I am putting together a book of Skaggs which I hope to have in print by the first of the year. Anyone interested in this line, please get your family charts to me as soon as possible. Would also like to ask any of your readers if they know anything about Larkin Milton Skaggs. Larkin was a Baptist preacher who rode with Quantrill's raiders. Larkin was the only raider killed in Lawrence, Kansas. I would greatly appreciate hearing from anyone who has this information.

The first record of Skaggs in the New World is 1658; they were into Kentucky as early as 1763. In the mid-1800s there was a Skaggs wagontrain that left Kentucky for the West. The Skaggs spread into Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas.—Juanita Skaggs Luttrell, Box 296, Leland, Illinois 60531

Dowd

I would appreciate any information relative to one Cleophas J. Dowd who was born July 22, 1856 in Old Mission San Francisco, California, son of Michael and Bridgid Matilda (Foley) Dowd. Cleophas Dowd studied for the priesthood and became a Catholic priest, but on his twenty-first birthday he shunned his robes and went to Utah, stopping first in Brown's Hole in 1877. He was involved in rustling and other questionable activities for some time. He numbered among his acquaintances such notables as Butch Cassidy, Matt Warner, and Frank and Jesse James.

Cleophas J. Dowd was a man of violent temper, quick gun, and was credited with many killings. I am more particularly interested in his activities as a deputy U.S. marshal for Wyoming Territory where he served a term in quelling the Pullman strike troubles at Evanston, Wyoming and the "election riots" of 1894 at Rock Springs, Wyoming. There is also evidence that he may have been (secretly) a railroad and/or stock detective.

Cleophas J. Dowd was murdered at his isolated Canyon Ranch in northeastern Utah in 1897 where his grave remains, together with two of his children who died as infants.

Any information regarding this man, his activities, or his family will be gratefully appreciated—and all letters will be answered.—Kerry Ross Boren, Daggett County Historian, P. O. Box 292, Manila, Utah 84046

Cheeks

Would like to locate or obtain information about Ellen Cheeks of Cherokee descent who went to Saint Mary's in Sewanee, Tennessee with my sister Carrie and me in 1915 or 1916. Her last known address was South Pittsburg, Tennessee.—Mrs. Ruby Katherine Gilliam (nee Crumley), 1108 New St. Francis Street, Mobile, Alabama 36604

Wingo Ancestors

I would like information about the following people: Paul Booker Hines of Kentucky, born 1819, died November 3, 1894; Daniel Stone of Kentucky, born December 25. 1777, died August 2, 1827; Thomas Rolfe, son of Pocahontas (Rebecca) and John Rolfe. My great-grandmother, Tommy Amanda Hines Murray (daughter of Ann Arabella Stone and Paul Booker Hines), said we were related to Pocahontas.

Issac Peckam Christiancy, born March 12, 1812, was U. S. Senator from Michigan in 1875 and Minister to Peru in 1879. He was a founder of the Republican party and editor of the *Monroe Commercial* newspaper. Peregrine White, born in 1620 on the *Mayflower*, was the son of William and Suzanna White (I have been told her maiden name was Wingo, the same as mine), and died in 1803.

Any information about ancestors preceding my great-grandfather, Burl Walker Wingo, would be appreciated .—Mrs. T. H. Bunch, Jr., 107 Houston Street, Port Lavaca, Texas 77979

Lindsey

Any information on my grandfather, Dudley Lindsey, would be appreciated. His wife's name was Ada and they had three boys: Wayne, Al Miron, and Guy, who was my father. He was a carpenter and lived in either southern Minnesota or Iowa.—H. D. Lindsey, 1506 Ivory, Klamath Falls, Oregon 97601

Huestis

Adelia Huntsman was born in 1859 in Corralitos, Santa Cruz County, California and married Solomon Huestis in 1876 in Watsonville, California. They had one daughter named Amy. There were probably more children. We lost her trail in 1880 and would like to hear from any of her family, as she was my

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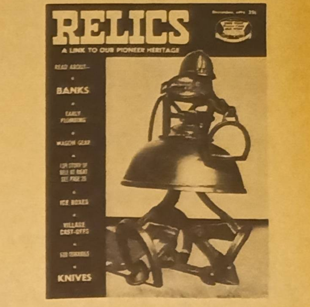

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- CHAMBER POTS, CHAIRS OF KINGS
- THOSE LITTLE PINK PIGS
- OLD ICE BOXES
- WANT TO SWAP KNIVES
- STRANGE MARKINGS
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mother's sister.—Mrs. Gordon Burke, Box 336, Brookings, Oregon 97415

Olson

I am looking for anyone who may have known a Fred Olson who disappeared about 1932. He came to Bonners Ferry, Idaho about that time but was beaten and robbed of all identification. He suffered from amnesia as a result of the beating and lost all contact with his past life until 1963 when he remembered living in Landa, North Dakota (perhaps 1907). This much was established but the only two people who could identify him are dead. He definitely remembered participating in World War I but no record of his service in either the United States or Canadian armies could be found.

Mr. Olson was five feet-eight inches tall, weighed about 160 pounds, and had blue eyes and blondish hair. He was well educated and seemed to have traveled extensively before 1932. He was familiar with several foreign languages and remembered towns in Michigan, Minnesota, and Utah. His favorite card game was cribbage. He had lost the first joints of his right index finger and right little finger. The condition of the rest of the nails on his right hand and toenails on the right foot indicated to doctors that he may have had a heavy weight dropped on them at one time.—Mrs. Fred Olson, Box 522, Bonners Ferry, Idaho 83805

Maggart

Loyd Maggart left home, Millerstown, (Champaign County) Ohio, as a young man. He was heard from years later at Rudyard, Montana. He then traveled to Alaska. It is believed a gentleman friend traveled with Maggart.

In Montana, he worked as a sheepherder. He would now be an elderly gentleman. I would appreciate hearing from anyone with information regarding him. —Mrs. C. Burress, Box 812, Ione, California 95640

Larimer (Lorimer)

I am trying to locate anyone who can give me information on a Larimer [Lorimer] family which settled in Texas during the early 1800s. These people migrated from Tennessee and were related to John Hiram Larimer and Jesse Aiken Larimer, who were pioneers in eastern Tennessee. The last trace I had of this line was three brothers who lived in the late 1800s. One brother reputedly took the outlaw trail and rode it it to the end of a rope. I would appreciate correspondence with anyone who can give me any information regarding this family.—Larry L. Larimer, 1421 Stevens Avenue, San Gabriel, California 91776

Weltmer

I would like to know the parents, birth and death dates of John Farmer Weltmer. He was born November 10, 1842 in Dauphin County, Pennsylvania. Would also like to know if he had brothers and sisters.—C. O. Weltmer, 1109 North Tex, Fort Stockton, Texas 79735

Two Bachelors and a Lighthouse

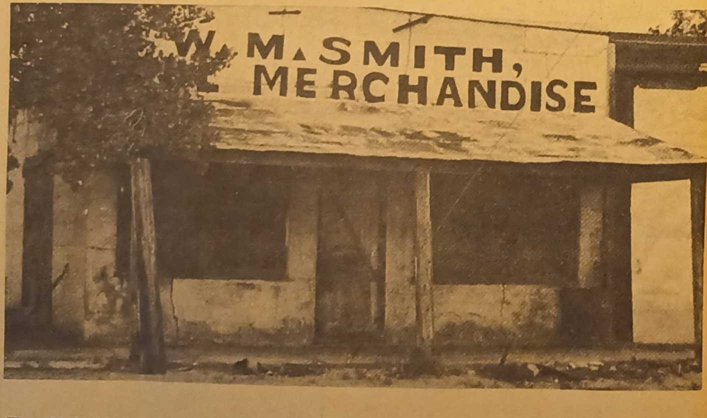
(Continued from page 45)

When asked how a prairie dweller had happened to build an Atlantic coast lighthouse, he replied, "I saw a picture of one once. I liked it, so I made one like it—only smaller."

Some time ago, Moreland was figuring on selling out and moving to California. Handbills went out over the county:

"Because of my intention of ending my residency in Colorado, I will dispose of the following real estate and personal property at public auction, etc."

That was in January 1970. The sale was held and a great many of his possessions were sold, including tools, four Model-T Fords; Model-T bodies, wheels and other parts; antique clocks; 60 five-gallon buckets filled with bottles; countless pieces of welded art—lamps, gates, tables, chandeliers and so on and on. But nobody bought his neat little house or its furnishings. Nor did anybody buy the Cape Cod lighthouse. The highest bid for it was $200, and Moreland wouldn't accept it. He didn't move either and, at last report, is still being counted as one-half of Aroya's population.



The old Smith store at Aroya, as it looks today. Moreland's father once operated the establishment.

Would a Fur-Trading Man Know Gold?

(Continued from page 47)

for the moment, and the company messages were still to be delivered.

Bordeaux left the towering butte, traveling alone through Indian country until he reached his destination and reported what had happened.

IT was two years later, in 1838, when Bordeaux managed to bring Pete's father to Bear Butte to claim his son's body. They rode horseback this time, needing pack horses to transport the remains. Bordeaux guided Pete's father up the sheer mountainside to the top ledge, to the spring, then to the shallow cave where Pete's body had been left. Under the stones the skeleton of his partner lay untouched, the arrow still clutched in a bony hand. They put Pete's bones in a sack and carried them back to the American Fur Company stockade, and the cave was empty again.

What about the vein of gold? Bordeaux did not elaborate on that item when he told his story to his daughter years later. He probably would not have noticed the vein on his precipitous flight from the Rees as the Indians chased the two men up the hill. He would not have noticed it when he left alone that night after having buried Pete's body under the stones. It had to be on his second trip to Bear Butte that he saw the quartz lode, the gold vein. It was "clearly visible to the naked eye," he said. Yet he never went to investigate its possibilities.

James Bordeaux married Huntkalutawin, a full blood Brule Indian, and fathered eleven children of whom Susan was the sixth. He saw that his children received a good education, though schooling was not universally valued in those days. He was devoted to his family, respected by both whites and Indians. In his employment as a fur trader and helper at the American Fur Company stockades he explored much of the western territory before settling in the Rosebud Spotted Tail Indian agency in Dakota Territory (now part of the Rosebud Indian Reservation in South Dakota).

Bordeaux died in 1878 and was buried in the Rosebud cemetery; his wife was buried beside him when she died in 1884. His daughter recalled that he never wanted to tell his frontier experiences to people, being a proud and modest man, but he had told her the stories.

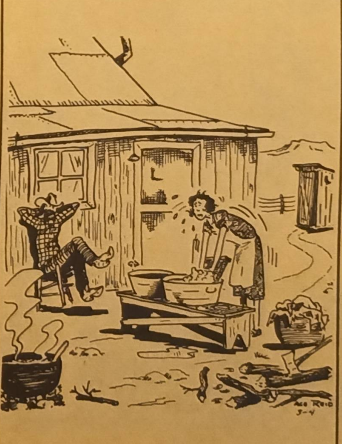
Susan Bordeaux married Isaac Bettelyoun in 1891. In 1940 when she was eighty-three years old she related the story of the skeleton on Bear Butte to a friend, Carol Case Goddard, who released it to the Rapid City *Daily Journal.* By that time the butte had changed to a mountain where no black bears lived, where there were only a few trees near the bottom of a high denuded hill and scraggly bushes near its top.

In 1906 Mrs. Bettelyoun talked to a Rosebud Indian, Crazy Hawk, who told her that he had been on top of Bear Butte himself. He had become sunstruck in 1873 while riding his pony and had ridden to the top of Bear Butte in a semi-conscious state. When he regained his senses he realized where he was, and came down again. Crazy Hawk told her that the cold spring was still on top of the butte in 1873, but the heavy timber had disappeared.

She talked with three Oglala Sioux Indians in 1910 and the three told her that in the early days "lightning had struck the butte three times and burned off all the timber and after the third burning it never grew any more."

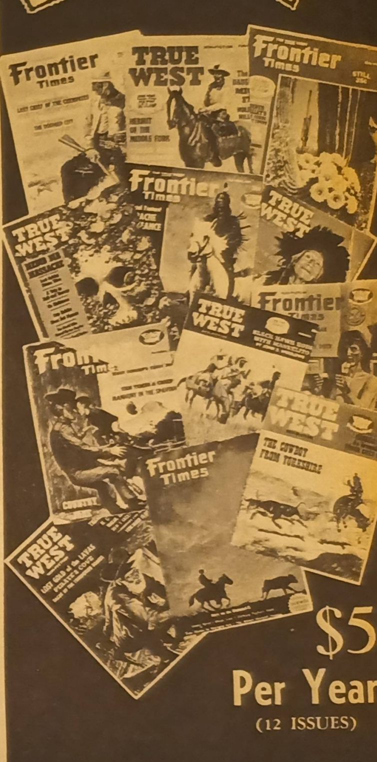
IF the story is true, if Bordeaux really saw gold on the mountain, why has Bear Butte never been mined in the century and a third which has elasped since that time?

Looking at the situation today, we can grant that Bear Butte was indeed the mountain on which Bordeaux and Pete spent their harrowing day, the mountain on which Bordeaux reported seeing a quartz lode with a vein of gold visible to the naked eye. Bear Butte towers over the prairie a few miles northeast of the town of Sturgis. Everybody in the area knows Bear Butte because it is such a prominent landmark. Everybody in the fur trade era and the exploratory era of the territorial West knew Bear Butte for the same reason. It is quite unmistakable, being so aloof from the nearby pine-



"Maw, if you can give up a few of your luxuries, we can buy that ajoinin' land."

LOOK!



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covered Black Hills. Geologists say that Bear Butte is a perfect speciman of a laccolith, a formation in which igneous rock was forced upward through the ground surface to form a cone-shape protrusion.

The mountain became a state park in 1963 and a herd of buffalo was brought to the lower reaches to add to its historical significance, taking the place of the vanished bears. According to Richard Williams, park supervisor, there are still many small caves on the Butte—mostly limestone tunnels in the rocky ledges. It is said that warm air exits from some of the caves in the wintertime, perhaps indicating a deeper hollow than has been explored. One of the caves on the north side is known as Sweet Medicine Cave, and this might be the spot to which Jim Bordeaux carried his friend Pete on that fateful day, though there is no proof. The name "Sweet Medicine" for that particular cave came from an old Indian legend in which a young Cheyenne met the Great Spirit on the mountain and was given four sacred arrows for his people.

Old-timers have spoken of springs found at the very highest points of Bear Butte. Two springs exist today, but both are fairly low on the mountainside. Located on the north side, one is below the saddle which connects the main igneous section of the mountain to the rock outcroppings of the smaller section; the other is more directly below the primary prominence of Bear Butte but about two-thirds distance down the mountain. The second spring is not always visible but the water is known to be slightly beneath the surface for tapping. Near that second spring is a cave, but neither cave nor spring could be considered on "top" of Bear Butte where the two young trappers took refuge.

But the gold vein? In all these years no mining man has found a gold vein on this mountain—top or sides. The Black Hills have been known as a great mining area ever since the rush of 1876 when gold seekers literally covered the gulches, hilltops, valleys, streams—anyplace which offered a possibility of color. The Homestake gold mine has operated profitably since 1877 in the higher reaches of the hills, and around its lands there have been hundreds, even thousands, of smaller prospectors and their individual mines.

Jim Bordeaux was a fur trading man, not a gold miner. It is possible that he saw the glitter of iron pyrite, a mineral which is known as "fool's gold." It seems reasonable to think that if there were a streak of pay dirt on Bear Butte *somebody* would have found it. But would they? Maybe it really is there!

Backsliders and Brush Arbors

(Continued from page 21)

rounded by saddle horses, buggies and wagons. The churches were not only places of worship but served as social meeting places as well. The first affair held as soon as the cotton was picked, the banks loans paid back, the hardware and grocery bills paid, was a box supper. It was then that the young cotton pickers were taken for a cleaning themselves.

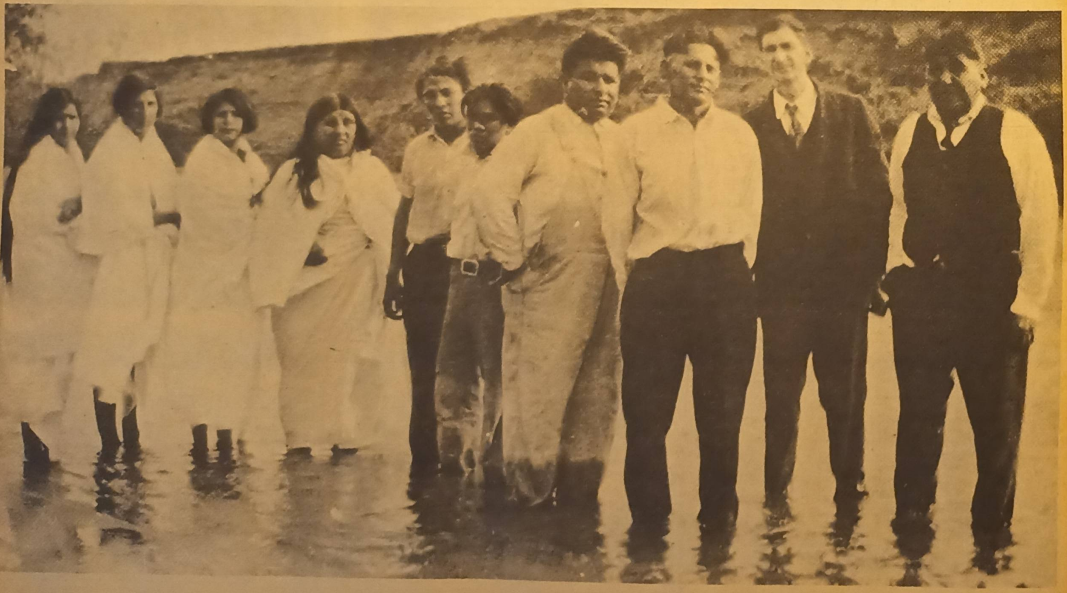
The women and girls would pack suppers for two in fancy boxes, and sometimes the homeliest girls would decorate the prettiest boxes. These made an attractive splash of color when they were piled at the front of the church, waiting to be auctioned.

Little boys made money whispering information about the boxes they had watched being carried in, for no one was supposed to know who brought them. The man who bought the box at the highest price offered, had the privilege of eating the food it held with the one who prepared it. Sometimes the little boys did not tell the truth and strange mix-ups occurred and two people, who had nothing in common but the box of food between them, ate with laughter all around them.

Jealousy of the local girls ran high and often two of the home boys would pool their resources to keep some stranger from having the privilege of walking a pretty girl home, if she lived near the church. When it was all over the church treasury had enough money in it to pay for candy, oranges and apples for the childrens' Christmas program.

There were no cedars or young pines in some of the neighborhoods and the women of the church had to fashion their own Christmas tree for the childrens' program. They would meet at the church for an all-day session and each one would bring an apron full of cotton and a spool of white thread. The men would bring a persimmon tree about seven feet tall with all the branches intact. The women wrapped each branch and every twig with cotton until it looked like it was covered with snow.

Frontier religion was a wonderful thing.



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A group of Indians waiting to be baptized on Easter Sunday by Rev. Gilbert, Walters Indian Baptist Church.

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Double Shooting in Hays

(Continued from page 37)

Though authorities at Fort Hays and the camp of the Sixth Cavalry were notified at once, it was mid-morning before the bodies of the two troopers were removed. Possibly the bodies were left in place so that a coroner's jury could view the scene during its deliberations. In any case, the delay in removing the bodies gave Wood an opportunity to record the grisly scene for posterity. How many photographs he shot isn't known, but two have survived. Both were taken, apparently, from in front of his own studio. In the background of one photo two ladies, and possibly a child, survey the bloody scene with unusual detachment. In the other a timid boy, perhaps the child in the first picture, peeks around the corner of the dance hall. Both photographs graphically display the conditions of the murder scene, but though both have been available for years identity of the victims and the circumstances contributing to their deaths have only recently come to light.

SOME of the citizens of Hays remembered that Sumner and Welsh had been doing the town Friday night with a third trooper from Company L, Pvt. David Roberts, nineteen years old. The three were not particularly drunk in spite of the availability of whiskey in the town, and when last seen together they were apparently on the best of terms. Still, when the coroner's jury concluded its deliberations, it was announced that "Privates Sumner and Welsh had come to their death by pistol-shot wounds in the head, from the hands of Private Roberts, 'L' Co., Sixth Cavalry, at about 3 a.m. on the 6th of September, 1873."

Investigation revealed that David Roberts had returned to the Sixth Cavalry camp which was some distance from Fort Hays, and had stolen a horse and made his escape. About seven that morning he had been seen near Fort Hays where he bragged that he had shot both Sumner and Welsh. Those who heard him thought his statement was merely the boast of a drunk and advised him to forget it and return to his unit before he really got himself into trouble. Roberts, angered, threatened to shoot Private Lahman of Company B, but rode on into the prairie instead.

When the soldiers learned that Roberts' was no idle boast, a detail was ordered out in pursuit of the escapee but it failed to find him. Citizens and more troopers joined in the search but Roberts had made good his escape.

Salmon S. Prouty, writing from Hays to the Junction City, Kansas *Union* September 7, 1873, described Roberts as five-feet seven-inches in height and of dark complexion, good-looking, with black curly hair. "However," Prouty stated, "there is a lowering look of countenance in his features." Roberts had been shot in the leg the previous May during a spree in Hays and had spent some time in the Fort Hays hospital. His body was covered with bowie knife marks, "relics of former fracases," Prouty went on.

Since Private Roberts had enlisted at Fort Riley just after the discovery of the bodies on the farm of the Bender family near Cherryvale, Kansas, there were some who were certain he was a member of that bloody family. They remembered that his parents had passed through town a few days before and that they promised to get their son out of the army. "How much truth there may be in this belief is merely speculation," Prouty declared.

While a posse of the local inhabitants were out scouring the countryside for Roberts, the comrades of the two slain soldiers conducted a solemn funeral for them. Prouty described it well:

"The bodies were brought to camp encoffined, and at sunset the entire cavalry command, the band playing a mournful funeral march, escorted the poor unfortunates to their final rest. It was a sad funeral. The command struck into a trot, and kept up until arriving at the bridge near the Fort (2½ miles distant from camp) and it was full dark when the bodies were consigned to their double tomb. The band played a strain from 'The Prayer from Medea' as the coffins were lowered. Rev. Dr. Collins, Post Chaplain, conducted the burial service. Then the three volleys, from the firing detail, over the grave, and then the band played 'Taps,' the finale of all military calls of the day. A more impressive scene it has never been my lot to witness."

Less than a week after the double shooting Roberts was apprehended in Wyandotte, Kansas, now a part of Kansas City. From Fort Hays he had fled to his home where his father, thinking the boy had left his command on a lark, and not knowing he was accused of murder, turned him over to a U.S. marshal to be reunited with his company.

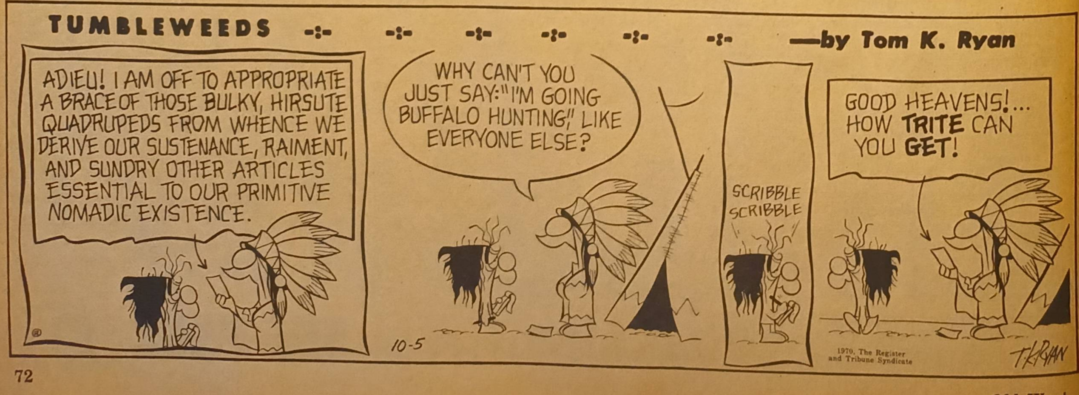
Back at Fort Hays Roberts was placed in the military prison, heavily chained. His cell was undoubtedly one of those small cubicles at the west end of the guard house which still stands in mute testimony of the many miserable hours spent by prisoners there.

Roberts claimed he was not guilty of murder though he had killed George Sumner. Sumner was the aggressor, Roberts said, and in trying to shoot Roberts had killed Welsh. When Roberts returned the fire in self-defense he had shot Sumner in the neck and head. "His story is not believed," Prouty reported tersely on September 18.

Roberts was tried by a military court-martial for both desertion and manslaughter. On October 15 he was convicted of both crimes. His sentence was dishonorable discharge from the service and twenty-five years in the Kansas State Penitentiary at Lansing.

A military detail delivered Roberts to the prison whose commitment register assigned him Number 658. He was listed as nineteen years old, a machinist by trade, five feet six and one-half inches tall, of fair complexion, and had brown hair and bluish-gray eyes. He had been born in Canada and was not married. This description varies somewhat from Salmon Prouty's.

Less than seven years later, on April 20, 1880, David Roberts was pardoned by the President of the United States, Rutherford B. Hays. Why this occurred and what ultimately happened to David Roberts is not known.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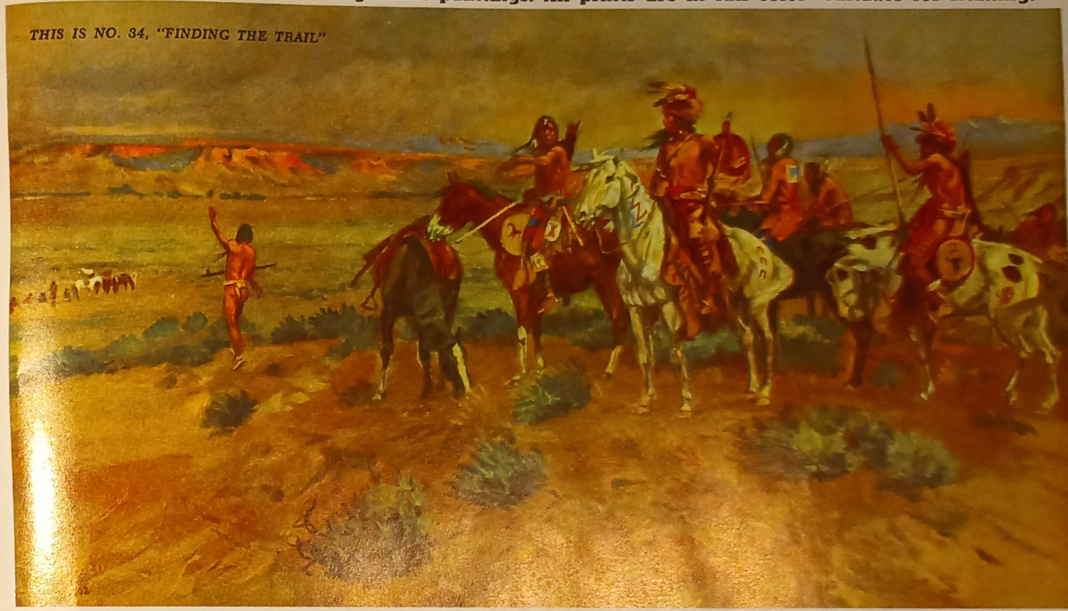
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